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GEMS OF SACRED SONG.

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GEMS OF SACRED SONG

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

SELECTED FROM

APPROVED AUTHORS

BY

THE VERY REV. H. J. GRASSETT, B.D.

DEAN OF TORONTO

TORONTO

JAMES CAMPBELL & SON

45204832 ✓

C O N T E N T S.

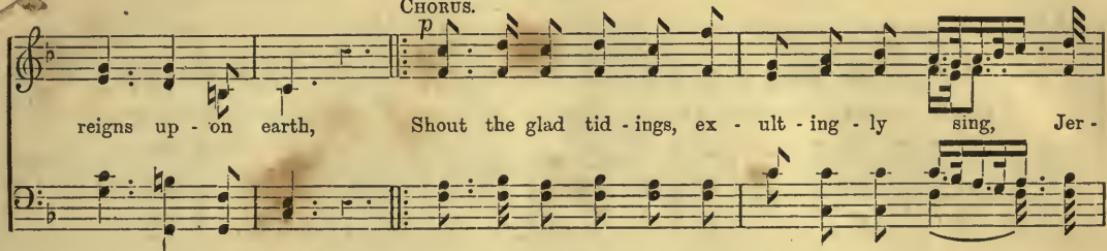
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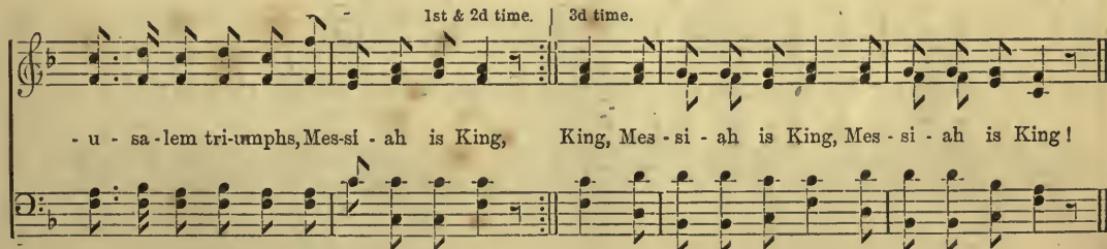
SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS!—continued.

CHORUS.



reigns up - on earth, Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, Jer -

1st & 2d time. | 3d time.



- u - sa - lem tri - umphs, Mes - si - ah is King, King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King !

2 Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !
Tell how He cometh from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round ;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned !

Chorus—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

3 Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !
Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise :
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing ;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

Chorus—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

4. WAKE, AND SING.



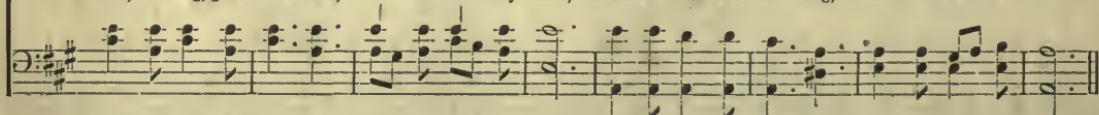
1. Stars all bright are beam-ing From the skies a - bove, Na-ture's face all gleam-ing, Shines with Heav'n's own love.



CHORUS.



Wake, and sing, good Chris-tians, On this Birth-day morn, Heav'n and earth are tell - ing, Christ for man is born.



2 Here for us abiding,
Cradled in a stall,
All His glory hiding,
See the Lord of all!

Chorus—Wake, and sing, good Christians, &c.

3 Born that He might lead us
From this desert home,—
Guide our way, and feed us
Till the end shall come!

Chorus—Wake, and sing, good Christians, &c.

4 Thousand thousand blessings,
Sing we for His love,
Choral hymns addressing
To our Lord above.

Chorus—Wake, and sing, good Christians, &c.

5 Glory in the highest
For this wondrous birth ;
Choir of heaven ! thou criest
Peace to all the earth !

Chorus—Wake, and sing, good Christians, &c.

5. MARTYN.

S. B. MARSH.

Fine.

1. Ma - ry to the Sav - iour's tomb
 Spice she brought, and sweet per - fume,
 Trem - bling, while a crys - tal flood

Hast - ed at the ear - ly dawn; }
 But the Lord she loved had gone. }
 Is - sued from her weep - ing eyes.

For a while she ling - 'ring stood,
 Filled with sor - row and sur - prise,

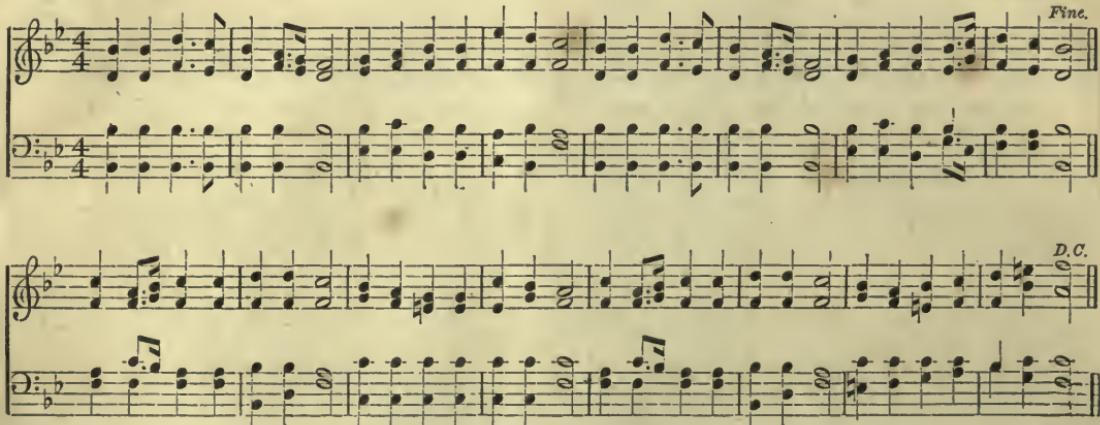
1 Mary to the Saviour's tomb
 Hasted at the early dawn;
 Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
 But the Lord she loved had gone.
 For a while she ling'ring stood,
 Filled with sorrow and surprise,
 Trembling, while a crystal flood
 Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled
 When she heard His welcome voice;
 Christ had risen from the dead,
 Now He bid her heart rejoice:
 What a change His word can make,
 Turning darkness into day!
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

6. CHRIST IS RISEN.

T. E. PERKINS.

Fine.



1 Christ is risen from the dead,
Christ, our ever-living Head ;
Now He lives who once was slain,
Lives, for evermore to reign.
Risen Sun of Righteousness,
Risen to save, to cheer, to bless ;
Blessed Saviour, Living Lord,
Ever be Thy name adored.

Chorus—Mighty Victor, strong to save,
Thou hast ~~conquered~~ o'er the grave ;
Death has lost his power and sting :
Praise to our victorious King.

2 Christ has triumphed o'er the grave,
Christ has shown His power to save ;

Cruel death and bitter strife ;
Christ has purchased endless life.
Now our faith is not in vain ;
Jesus Christ hath risen again ;
Vict'ry through our conqu'ring Lord,
To His Father's throne restored.—*Chorus*

3 Bright our hopes beyond the tomb,
Gone, the darkness—gone, the gloom—
Gone, the dreadful fear of death.
We may sing with latest breath :
Sown in weakness, raised in power,
For the resurrection hour ;
Glory, glory, let us sing,
Glory to our risen King.—*Chorus*.

7. MY SABBATH HOME.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Sweet Sabbath School! more dear to me Than fair-est pa-lace dome, My heart e'er turns with joy to thee. My own dear Sab-bath Home.

CHORUS.

Sab-bath Home! Bless-ed Home! Sab-bath Home! Sweet Home! Sweet Home!

Home! Bless-ed Home! My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sab-bath Home. Sweet Home! Sweet Home!

2 Here first my wilful, wandering heart,
The way of life was shown;
Here first I sought the better part,
And gained a Sabbath Home.

Chorus—Sabbath Home! Blessed Home, &c.

3 Here Jesus stood with loving voice,
Entreating me to come,
And make of Him my only choice
In this dear Sabbath Home.

Chorus—Sabbath Home! Blessed Home, &c.

8. SING, OH SING, YE CHILDREN.

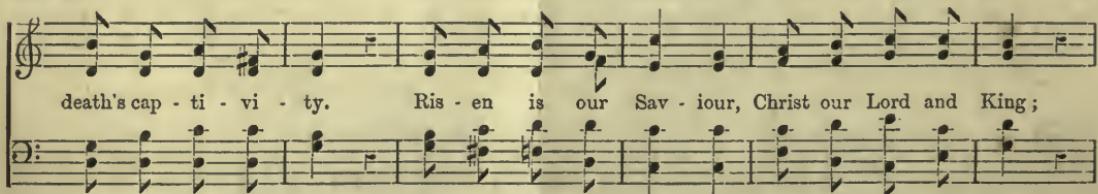
EASTER CAROL.

CHORUS. *Joyfully.*

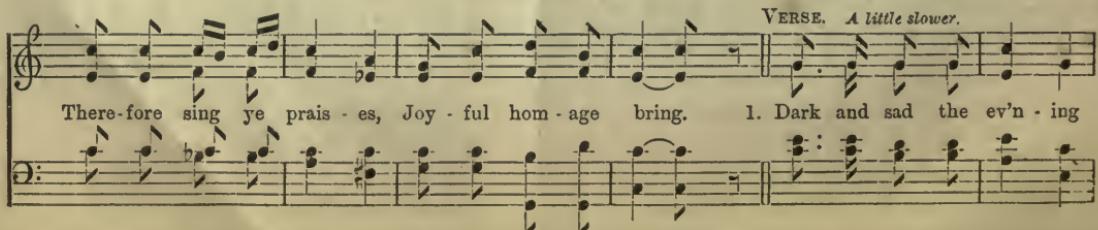
GEO. C. PEARSON.



Sing, oh sing, ye chil - dren, Sing ye joy - ful - ly; Christ our Lord hath ris - en From
death's cap - ti - vi - ty. Ris - en is our Sav - iour, Christ our Lord and King;



VERSE. *A little slower.*



There - fore sing ye prais - es, Joy - ful hom - age bring. 1. Dark and sad the ev'n - ing

SING, OH SING, YE CHILDREN—continued.

When His foes pre - vailed, When our Mas - ter's bo - dy To the cross was nailed. E - vil foes had

con - quered, Ho - li - ness was slain : Sa - tan then vic - to - rious Ruled the earth a - gain.

2 Follow to the garden,
To the rocky tomb,
Where His friends had laid Him
In the deep'ning gloom ;
Roman guards are stationed,
Fixed the Jewish seal,
Lest by night the faithful
Should His body steal.

Chorus—Sing, oh sing, &c.

3 Vain were Roman soldiers,
Vain the Jewish seal,
Christ hath burst the prison !
Christ hath conquered hell !

Risen is our Saviour !
Christ our Lord and King !
Therefore sing ye praises,
Joyful homage bring.
Chorus—Sing, oh sing, &c.

4 Ever in the heavens
Reigneth Christ our King,
And, His might extolling,
We His praises sing :
Sing the wondrous glory
Of the joyful hour,
When the grave was conquered
By His mighty power !

Chorus—Sing, oh sing, &c.

9. REDEMPTION.

Three staves of musical notation in common time, key signature of one flat. The notation is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. The first staff begins with a whole note, followed by a half note, a quarter note, a half note, a whole note, a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The second staff begins with a half note, followed by a whole note, a half note, a whole note, a half note, a whole note, a half note, and a whole note. The third staff begins with a whole note, followed by a half note, a quarter note, a half note, a whole note, a half note, a quarter note, and a half note.

1 Who came from heaven to ransom me?
Jesus who died upon the tree.
Why did He come from heaven above?
He came because His name was love.

2 And did He die the Son of God?
Yes, on the cross He shed His blood.
Why did my Lord and Saviour bleed?
That we from evil might be freed.

3 When He had died what happened then?
On the third day He rose again.

Where did He go when He had risen?
He went to God's right hand in heaven.

4 Where is He now, is He still there?
Yes, and He pleads with God in prayer.
What does He pray for and for whom?
He prays that we to Him may come.

5 Should we not come, should we not come?
Oh yes, Christ is the sinner's home.
Chorus—Christ is the weary sinner's home,
Oh let us come! Oh let us come!

10. STAND UP FOR JESUS!

From the *Children's Friend*.

Boldly. mf

mf

CHORUS.

ff

1 Stand up for Jesus! let not pride
 Keep thee away from Him who died
 To save thy soul; but to the fight
 Go forth in thy Great Captain's might.
Chorus—Stand up for Jesus! yea, stand fast!—
 Conquer or die, the conflict past,
 Him that o'ercometh He will own,
 And place the victor near His throne.

2 Stand up for Jesus! let not fear
 Cause thee to shrink when danger's near;
 Jehovah's arm will thee uphold,
 His grace can make the faint heart bold.—*Chorus*.

3 Stand up for Jesus! let not shame
 Make thee deny His blessed name;
 The only name that God has given
 By which lost men may enter heaven.—*Chorus*.

4 Stand up for Jesus! let not love
 To this vain world thy purpose move:
 Forsaking all earth's empty ties,
 Keep thine eye fixed on heav'ly joys.—*Chorus*.

5 Stand up for Jesus! let not sin
 Defile thy soul, but strive to win
 The crown of righteousness, prepared
 For those who fear and serve the Lord.—*Chorus*.

11. OH THAT WILL BE JOYFUL!



1. Here we suf - fer grief and pain ; Here we meet to part a - gain ; In heaven we part no more.



CHORUS.



Oh that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful, Oh that will be joy - ful, When we meet to part no more !



1 Here we suffer grief and pain ;
Here we meet to part again ;
In heaven we part no more.—*Chorus.*

2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.—*Chorus.*

3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday school.—*Chorus.*

4 Teachers, too, shall meet above,
Pastors, parents, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.—*Chorus.*

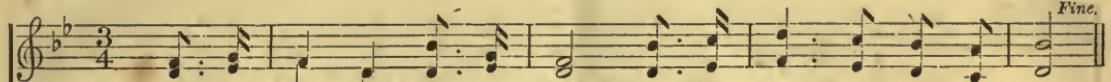
5 Oh how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne !—*Chorus.*

6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.—*Chorus.*

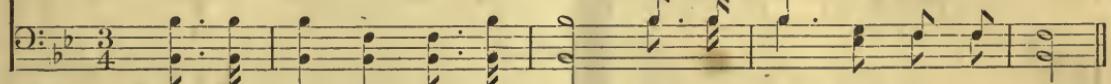
12. ROCK OF AGES.

Dr T. HASTINGS.

Fine.



1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee !
Be of sin the dou - ble cure ; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.



Let the wa - ter and the blood From Thy riv - en side which flowed,



1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands.
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone :
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,—
When my eye-strings break in death,—
When I soar to worlds unknown,—
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

13. LUELLA.

H. N. WHITNEY.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hast Thou died for me? Make me ver - y

CHORUS.

thank - ful In my heart to Thee. When the sad, sad sto - ry Of Thy grief I

read, Make me ver - y sor - ry For my sins in - deed.

2 Now I know Thou lovest,
And dost plead for me;
Make me very thankful
In my prayers to Thee.

Chorus—When the sad, story, &c.

3 Soon I hope, in glory,
At Thy side to stand;
Make me fit to meet Thee
In that happy land.

Chorus—When the sad, sad story, &c.

14. WHAT A STRANGE AND WONDROUS STORY!



1. { What a strange and won-drous sto - ry From the Book of God is read, } How He left His throne in hea-ven,
 How the Lord of life and glo - ry Had not where to lay His head : }



Here to suf - fer, bleed, and die, That my soul might be for - giv - en, And a - scend to God on high.



1 What a strange and wondrous story
 From the Book of God is read,
 How the Lord of life and glory
 Had not where to lay His head :
 How He left His throne in heaven,
 Here to suffer, bleed, and die,
 That my soul might be forgiven,
 And ascend to God on high !

2 Father, let Thy Holy Spirit
 Still reveal a Saviour's love,
 And prepare me to inherit
 Glory, where He reigns above.
 There with saints and angels dwelling,
 May I that great love proclaim,
 And with them be ever telling
 All the wonders of His name.

15. WE SING OF THE REALMS.

1. We sing of the realms of the blest, That coun - try so bright and so fair; And
oft are its glories con - fessed— But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be
there? And oft are its glor - ies con - fessed— But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its freedom from sin
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there?
3 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,

The Church of the First-born above—
But what must it be to be there?
4 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
Then soon shall we joyfully know
And feel what it is to be there.

16. JUBILATE DEO.

C. O. NEVERS.
cres.

1 Oh be joyful all ye lands !
Shout aloud for joy !
Take your harp within your hands,
Shout aloud for joy !
Seek the Lord with love and joy ;
Let no mind of grief annoy,
And come before His presence with a song.

Chorus—Oh be joyful ! Shout aloud for joy !
Oh be joyful ! Shout aloud for joy !

2 Know ye that the Lord is God ?
Praise His holy Name !
Know ye that the Lord is God ?
Praise His holy Name !
For He made us, and will keep
Faithful watch o'er all His sheep ;
Dear Shepherd of the flock and fold above.—*Chorus.*

3 Enter in His gates with thanks,
And His courts with praise !
Enter in His gates with thanks,
And His courts with praise !
Poor return our hearts can give
For the blessings we receive ;
And ever may our voices sing His praise.

Chorus—Oh be joyful ! &c.

4 Oh how gracious is the Lord !
Ever good and kind !
Sing His praise with one accord,
Joined in heart and mind !
For His mercy's ever sure,
And His truth will still endure—
Oh shout aloud for joy of such a God.

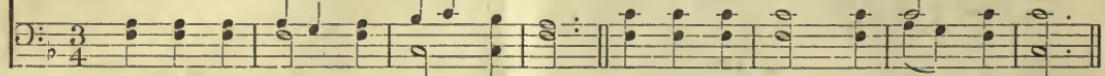
Chorus—Oh be joyful ! &c.

17. WHEN TO THE HOUSE OF GOD WE GO.

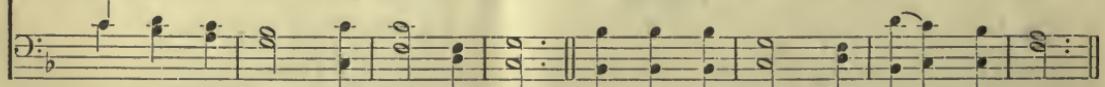
ENGLISH.



1. When to the house of God we go To hear His word and sing His love,



We ought to wor - ship Him be - low As saints and an - gels do a - bove.



1 When to the house of God we go
To hear His word and sing His love,
We ought to worship Him below
As saints and angels do above.

2 Our God is present everywhere,
And watches all our thoughts and ways ;
He marks who humbly join in prayer,
And who sincerely sing His praise.

3 The triflers, too, His eye can see,
Who only seem to take a part ;
They move the lip and bend the knee,
But do not seek Him with the heart.

4 Oh may we never trifle so,
Nor lose the days our God has given ;
But learn, by Sabbaths here below,
To spend eternity in heaven.

18. JUST AS I AM.

KARL REDEN.

mf *Moderato.*

1. Just as I am,—with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And

that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.

1 Just as I am,—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,—
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

19. MY GOD, MY FATHER.



1. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,



Oh teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done, Thy will be done."



2 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine :
I only yield Thee what was Thine ;
"Thy will be done."

3 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done."

4 If but my fainting heart be blessed
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest—
"Thy will be done."

5 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

20. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Dr L. MASON.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en though it be a cross That rais-eth me:



Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.



2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given.
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 And when on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

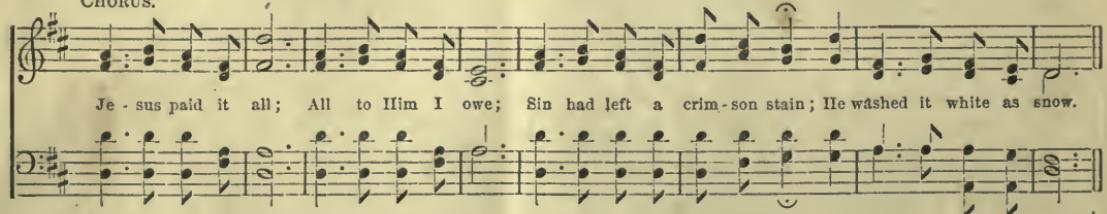
21. JESUS PAID IT ALL.

J. T. GRAPE.



1. I hear my Saviour say, Thy strength in-deed is small; Thou hast naught thy debt to pay, Find in me thy all in all.

CHORUS.



1 I hear my Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Thou hast naught thy debt to pay,
Find in me thy all in all.

Chorus—Jesus paid it all; &c.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

Chorus—Jesus paid it all; &c.

3 Then down beneath His cross
I'll lay my sin-sick soul,
For naught have I to bring,—
Thy grace must make me whole.

Chorus—Jesus paid it all; &c.

4 And now complete in Him,
My robe His righteousness,
Close sheltered 'neath His side,
I am divinely blest.

Chorus—Jesus paid it all; &c.

5 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall echo through the skies.

Chorus—Jesus paid it all; &c.

6 And when before the throne
I stand, in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down, at Jesus' feet.

Chorus—Jesus paid it all; &c.

44

22. NEAR THE CROSS.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, In Thy love a - bid - ing; I will glo - ry in Thy name, In Thy word con - fid - ing.



CHORUS.



In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er; Tri - umph in His name a - lone, Mighty to de - liv - er.



Play (1) Jesus, keep me near the cross,
In Thy love abiding;
I will glory in Thy name,
In Thy word confiding.

Chorus—In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Triumph in His name alone,
Mighty to deliver.

Sing (2) Near the cross, a trembling soul
Love and mercy found me;

There the bright and morning star
Shed its bēams around me.—*Chorus*.

Play (3) Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.—*Chorus*.

4 Near the cross I 'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I gain my golden crown,
Praise the glorious Giver.—*Chorus*.

23. FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

Dr LOWELL MASON.

From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sun-ny fountains Roll down their golden sand;
From many an an- ancient riv-er, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

From many an an- ancient riv-er, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn ;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?

Salvation ! oh, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story ;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

24. WHEN HIS SALVATION BRINGING.

E. L. WHITE.

When, His sal - va - tion bring-ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, }
The chil-dren all stood sing-ing Ho - san - na to His name; } Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But,
as He rode a - long, He bade them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.

2 Then since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And sing aloud Hosanna !
To David's royal Son.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words ?

No, while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

1 I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek,
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.
I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer ;
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met His Father there.

2 I want to be like Jesus :
I never, never find

That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

3 I want to be like Jesus,
Who sweetly said to all,
"Let little children come to me."
I would obey the call.
But oh ! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see.
O gentle Saviour ! send Thy grace,
And make me like to Thee.

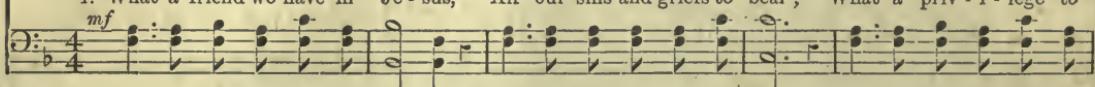
25. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

mf Cheerfully.

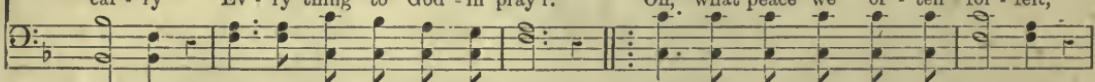
KARL REDEN.



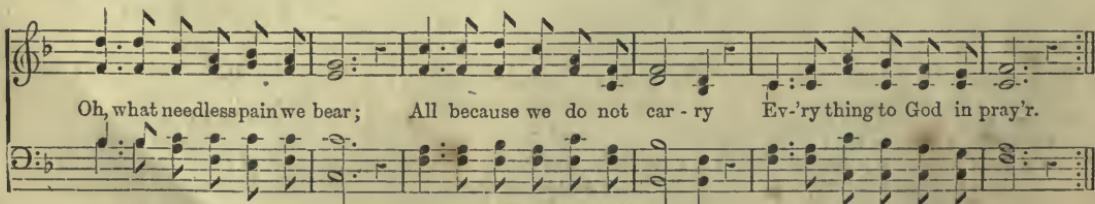
1. What a friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a priv-i-lege to



car-ry Ev : 'ry thing to God - in pray'r. Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit,



Oh, what needless pain we bear; All because we do not car-ry Ev -'ry thing to God in pray'r.



2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be disheartened,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share;
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends depise, forsake thee,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there

28. WE SHALL MEET.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

2 Done with all of earth's delusion,
By-and-by, by-and-by;

War, and strife, and sin's confusion,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

We shall rest our pilgrim feet
On the shores where loved ones meet,
There to dwell in bliss complete,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
By-and-by, by-and-by;

He a crown of life will give us,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of His will,
Shall attend and love us still,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

4 When with robes of snowy whiteness,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And with crowns of dazzling brightness,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
There our storms and perils passed,
And with glory ours at last,
We'll possess the kingdom vast,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

29. SHALL I BE THERE?

T. E. PERKINS.

1. When saints ga - ther 'round Thee, dear Sa - viour a - bove, And hast - en to crown Thee with jew - els of love,

s, d, d, d, m, r, d, s, s, s, s, : - d f, f, f, d, d, d, m, f, s, s, d,

A - mid those bright mansions of glo - ry so fair, Oh tell me, dear Sa - viour, if I shall be there?

.d, s, s, s, s, s, d, m, f, s, s, d,

CHORUS.

Oh tell me, Oh tell me if I shall be there? Oh tell me, dear Sa - viour, if I shall be there?

d, s, s, s, d, d, d, t, d, s, d, d,

2 When teachers and scholars each other shall greet,
And join in the anthem at Jesus' dear feet,
Rich tokens of mercy for ever to share,
Oh tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?—Chorus.

3 When life's dreary billows are spent on the shore,
Beyond the dark river, and time is no more,

When bright palms of glory the victors shall bear,
Oh tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?—Chorus.

4 O blessed Redeemer, Thy mercy and grace
Alone can prepare me to enter that place.
I'm stained and polluted, but shall I despair,
Oh tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?—Chorus.

30. SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

Vigorously, in march time.

1. Sound the bat-tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the stand-ard high For the Lord; Gird your ar-mour on; Stand firm, ev'-ry one;

CHORUS. **ff**

Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word. Rouse then, sol - diers! ral - ly round the ban - ner! Read - y, stead - y,



pass the word a - long; On - ward, for - ward, shout a - loud Ho - san - na! Christ is Cap - tain of the might - y throng.



2 Strong to meet the foe,
Marching on we go,
While our cause we know
Must prevail;

Shield and banner bright
Gleaming in the light,
Battling for the right
We ne'er can fail.—*Chorus.*

3 Oh! Thou God of all,
Hear us when we call;
Help us one and all
By Thy grace;

When the battle's done,
And the vic'try won,
May we wear the crown
Before Thy face.—*Chorus.*

31. BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.

T. E. PERKINS.



1. There's beau - ty in the ope - ning buds Of ro - sy tint - ed flow - ers; There's



CHORUS.



beau - ty in the green tipped woods, And in their sha - dy bow - ers. But oh, there's no - thing



half so sweet, As when a band of chil - dren meet, With hearts at - tuned by ho - ly love, To



BEAUTIFUL SIGHT—*continued.*



sing the praise of God a - bove. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful sight, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful



sight. And an - gels view it with de - light, Oh beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful sight.



2 There's beauty in the sparkling rill,

And in the gushing fountain;

There's beauty on the sunny hill,

And on the lofty mountain.

Chorus—But oh, there's nothing half so sweet, &c.

3 There's beauty when in manhood's prime

The heart to God is given;

There's beauty when the aged climb,

And reach the gates of heaven.

Chorus—But oh, there's nothing half so sweet, &c.

4 But oh, more beautiful by far

To give the early morning—

The all of life—till evening's star

Melts into heavenly dawning.

Chorus—For oh, there's nothing half so sweet, &c.

5 Oh then we'll come in early youth,

And seek the blessed Saviour,

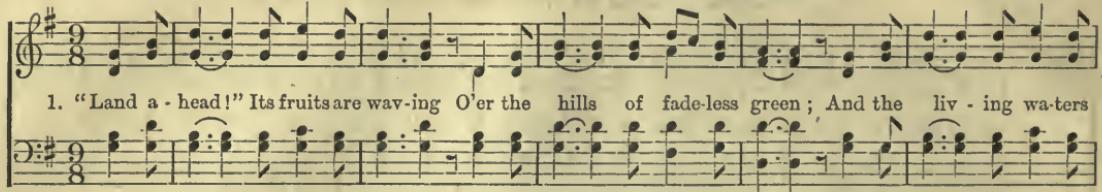
To guide us in the path of truth,

And own us His for ever.

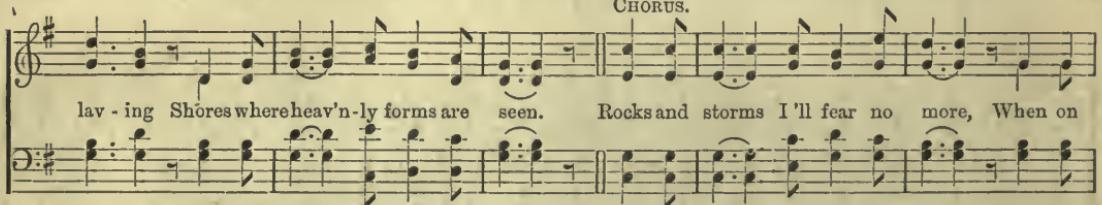
Chorus—For oh, there's nothing half so sweet, &c.

32. SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

J. M. EVANS.



CHORUS.



2 Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding;
See the blessed wave their hands;
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright immortal bands.—*Chorus.*

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;

Sea-ward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.—*Chorus.*

4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our salvation,
We are safe at home at last!—*Chorus.*

33. HOLY ANGELS.

1. Ho - ly an - gels, in their flight, Tra-verse o - ver earth and sky, Acts of kind-ness their de - light,

CHORUS.

Winged with mer - cy as they fly. Don't you hear the an - gels com - ing, Sweet - ly sing - ing

as they come, Spread - ing wide their heav'n - ly mu - sic From their hap - py an - gel home?

2 Though their forms we cannot see,
They attend and guard our way
Till we join their company
In the fields of heav'nly day.—*Chorus.*

3 Had we but an angel's wing,
And an angel's heart of flame,
Oh, how sweetly would we ring
Thro' the world the Saviour's name.—*Chorus.*

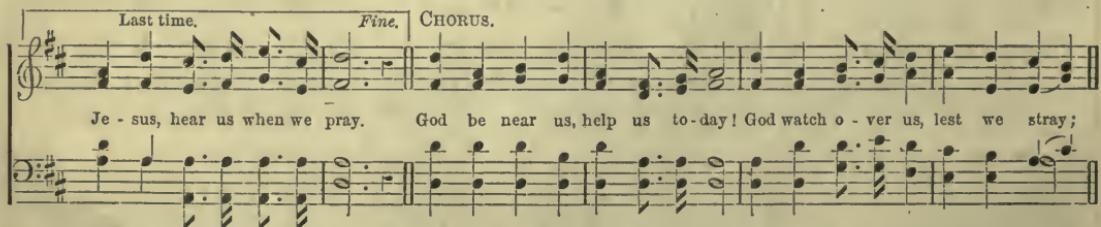
34. THE BELIEVERS' WORK SONG.

T. E. PERKINS.



1. { Work, for the Master call-eth us to-day; } Work, pre-cious souls to save; Work, with soul true and brave.

Fa - ther, in mer - cy keep us all the way;



Je - sus, hear us when we pray. God be near us, help us to-day! God watch o - ver us, lest we stray;

1 Work, for the Master calleth us to-day ;
Work, precious souls to save ;
Work, while the hours are passing swift away ;
Work, with soul true and brave.

Chorus—God be near us, help us to-day !
God watch over us, lest we stray ;
Father, in mercy keep us all the way ;
Jesus, hear us when we pray.

2 Work, with a spirit full of Jesus' love ;
Work, with a joyful song ;

Work, for the glory waiting us above ;
Work, with heart firm and strong !—*Chorus*.

3 Work, for the vineyard waiting for us stands ;
Work, while there yet is light ;
Work, with a cheerful heart and willing hands ;
Work, for soon cometh night.—*Chorus*.

4 Work, till the golden harvest fills the field ;
Work, in the Saviour's might ;
Work, for the joy the reaping time shall yield ;
Work, with the saints' delight.—*Chorus*.

4
35. CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL.



CHORUS.

Car - ol sweet-ly to - day;



2 Carol, sweetly carol,
As when the angel throng
O'er the vales of Judah
Awoke the heavenly song:
Carol, sweetly carol,
Good will, and peace, and love,
Glory in the highest
To God who reigns above.—*Chorus.*

3 Carol, sweetly carol,
The happy Christmas time;
Hark! the bells are pealing
Their merry, merry chime:
Carol, sweetly carol,
Ye shining ones above,
Sing in loudest numbers,
Oh sing redeeming love.—*Chorus.*

36. JESUS, MY SAVIOUR, ALL IN ALL.

Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

1. Je - sus is all in all to me, Glo - ry and grace in Him I see; Wis-dom and Rich - es,

SEMI-CHORUS.

truth and love, Mer - ey and good-ness from a - bove. Low at Thy feet I humb - ly fall, Je - sus, my Sav - iour,

FULL CHORUS.

all in all. Glo - ry to Thee, O Lord of all, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, all in all.

2 Jesus is all in all to me,
Unto His arms of love I flee :
Casting on Him my load of care,
Jesus, my Saviour, hears my prayer.—*Chorus.*

3 Jesus is all in all to me,
Jesus from sin can set me free ;

Jesus it is who calms my fears,
Hushes my sorrows, dries my tears.—*Chorus.*

4 Jesus is all in all to me,
Saviour, I look for life in Thee;
Only by Thee the work is done;
Only by Thee the victory won.—*Chorus.*

37. ONE BY ONE.

T. E. PERKINS.

1st time. 2d time.

One by one we cross the river,
One by one the crowns are given
One by one we're passing o'er;
On the bright and happy shore.

Young and old a - like are pass - ing
O'er death's dark and trou - bled tide;
But the ten - der, lov - ing
Sa - viour, Pro - mis - es to be our guide Home - ward thro' its storm - y bil - lows, Safe - ly to the heaven - ly side.

2 One by one we come to Jesus,
As we heed His gentle voice;
One by one His vineyard enters,
There to labour and rejoice;
One by one rich sheaves we gather
In the path our Saviour trod,
Following His loving footsteps
Onward on the heavenly road;
Gulde us ever, blessed Jesus,
Homeward on our way to God.

One by one the heavy-laden,
Weary, sink to rest ere noon,
While the hoary pilgrim gladly
Hails the eve approaching soon.
One by one, our sins forgiven,
May we gather on the shore,
Waiting till the blessed Jesus
Takes our hand and guides us o'er,
Till the loving, gentle Saviour,
Leads us to the shining shore.

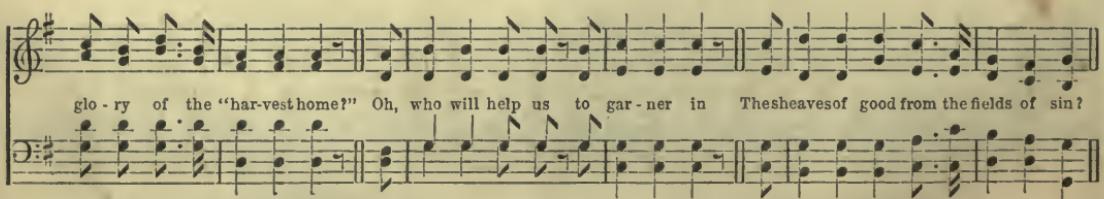
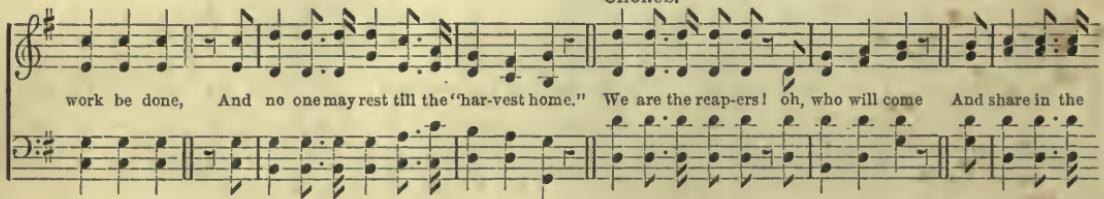
38. SONG OF THE REAPERS.

Con anima.

E. E. R. and GEO. F. Root.



CHORUS.



2 Go out in the by-ways and search them all;
The wheat may be there, tho' the weeds are tall;
Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
But gather from all for the home on high.—*Chorus.*

3 The fields all are rip'ning, and far and wide
The world now is waiting the harvest tide:

But reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.—*Chorus.*

4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
Toil on till the sheaves of the Lord are bound,
And joyfully borne from the harvest ground.—*Chorus.*

39. HERE AGAIN WE MEET YOU.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. All hail the friends we love so well! We joy once more to meet you, You who of Je-sus
 love to tell, With song a - gain to greet you. Join the throng, lift the song, Here a - gain we
 meet you; Fel - low - work - ers of the Lord, With song a - gain we greet you.

2 With grateful heart and tuneful voice,
 We raise our holy banner;
 In Jesus' name we all rejoice,
 And shout aloud hosanna.

Chorus.—Join the throng, &c.

3 In Him we hope, of Him we sing,
 We hail Him as our Saviour;
 With swelling song let Heaven ring,
 We'll crown Him king for ever.

Chorus.—Join the throng, &c.

40. THE BIBLE SONG.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Guard the Bi - ble well, All its foes re - pel, The sweet sto - ry tell Of the Lord.



Guard what God re - vealed, As our sun and shield; Nev - er, nev - er yield His ho - ly Word.



CHORUS.



Rouse then, Chris-tians, ral - ly for the Bi - ble! Work on, pray on, spread the truth a - broad.



THE BIBLE SONG—continued.



1 Guard the Bible well,
All its foes repel,
The sweet story tell
Of the Lord.
Guard what God revealed,
As our sun and shield ;
Never, never yield
His holy Word.

Chorus—Rouse then, Christians, rally for the Bible !
Work on, pray on, spread the truth abroad.
Stand then, like men, in the cause triumphant,
For the Bible is the Word of God.

2 Book of love divine,
Precious Word of Thine,
Let it ever shine
All abroad.
In the Spirit's might,
We must win the fight,
For this Gospel light—
The truth of God.

Chorus—Rouse then, Christians, &c.

3 Shout the Bible song,
Swell the mighty throng,
In the cause be strong
Of the right.
Look to God in prayer,
When the foe you dare,
And for ever wear
His armour bright.

Chorus—Rouse then, Christians, &c.

4 Oh, ye Christian band,
For this Bible stand,
By the Lord's command,
Ne'er give o'er.
Lead the army on,
Till the strife is done,
And the cause is won,
For ever more.

Chorus—Rouse then, Christians, rally for the Bible !
Work on, pray on, spread the truth abroad.
Stand then, like men, in the cause triumphant,
For the Bible is the Word of God.

41. THE OLD, OLD STORY.

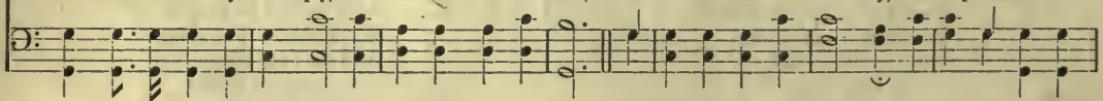
W. H. DOANE.



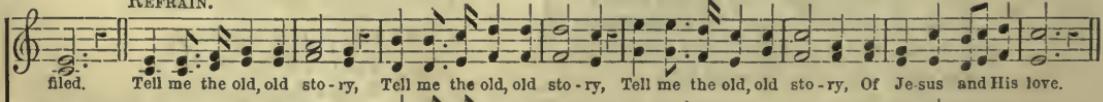
1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je-sus and His glo - ry, Of Je-sus and His love.



Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de -



REFRAIN.



Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je-sus and His love.



2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Refrain.—Tell me the old, old story, &c.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave ;
Remember ! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Refrain.—Tell me the old, old story, &c.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."
Refrain.—Tell me the old, old story, &c.

42. BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

Cheerful.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. Shall we gather at the river, Where bright an-gel feet have trod; Flow-ing by the throne of God? Yes, we'll ga-ther at the
 With its crys-tal tide for ev-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod; Flow-ing by the throne of God? Yes, we'll ga-ther at the
 riv - er, The beau-ti - ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er, Ga-ther with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

1 Shall we gather at the river,
 Where bright angel feet have trod ;
 With its crystal tide for ever
 Flowing by the throne of God ?

Chorus—Yes, we 'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, the beautiful river,
 Gather with the saints at the river
 That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
 Washing up its silver spray,
 We will walk and worship ever
 All the happy, golden day.—*Chorus*.

3 On the bosom of the river,
 Where the Saviour-king we own,

We shall meet, and sorrow never,
 'Neath the glory of the throne.—*Chorus*.

4 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we ev'ry burden down ;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.—*Chorus*.

5 At the smiling of the river,
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,
 Saints, whom death will never sever,
 Lift their songs of saving grace.—*Chorus*.

6 Soon we 'll reach the shining river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.—*Chorus*.

43. CHILDREN, SING.



1. Chil - dren, sing, glad - ly sing Hal - le - lu - jahs to our King; Lord of all,



great and small, At His feet with rap - ture fall; Chil - dren, sing, He is near,



Bend-ing still His gra - cious ear; Trust in Him, oh, re - joice! Praise the Lord with



CHILDREN, SING—continued.

CHORUS.



heart and voice. Then sing, glad - ly sing, Sing, glad - ly sing, Till the heav'n-ly



arch - es ring, Till you hear the saints a - bove Prais - ing God, for He is love.



2 Journey on, hand in hand,
Singing, to the promised land,
There is rest, there is rest,
In the kingdom of the blest ;
Children, sing, gladly sing,
Till the heavenly arches ring,
Till you hear the saints above
Praising God, for He is love.

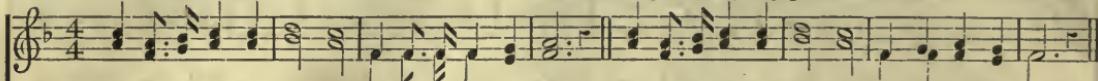
Chorus—Then sing, gladly sing, &c.

3 Children, sing ! who can tell
If the song you love so well
May not reach one whose heart
Longs to choose the better part ?
Stealing soft, like the sigh
Of a zephyr passing by.
Children, sing, ever sing,
Loudest praise to God our King.

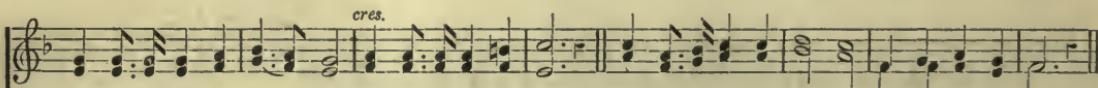
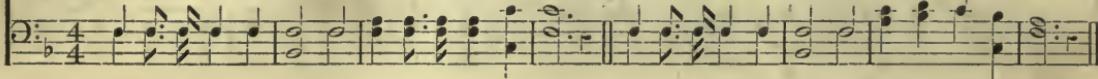
Chorus—Then sing, gladly sing, &c.

44. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

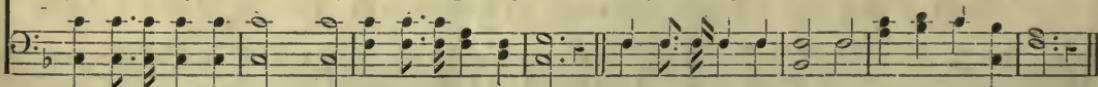
From "Song Garden," by permission of MASON BROTHERS.



1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is spark-ling, Work 'mid springing flowers;



Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow-ing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.



2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give ev'ry flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.

Work till the last beam fadeth—
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

4 Work, for the glorious morrow,
When Christ our King shall reign,
Then shall be past all sorrow,
Endless bliss shall reign.
Work for the Lord who frees us,
Do all for His dear sake;
Then sweetly sleep in Jesus,
In His likeness wake.

45. HOW CAN WE SING THE PRAISE OF JESUS?

Cheerfully. *mf*

LESTA VESE.

1. How can we sing the praise of Je-sus? How can we bid our voi-ces raise Up to the throne of God in hea-ven,

*mf*CHORUS. *f*

Like smoke from off the sa - cri-fice; Vain in-deed is the praise we of-fer, All in vain are the songs we raise;

f

If there is no love in our hearts for Je-sus, How can we ev-er tru-ly sing His praise?

2 How can we ever work for Jesus?

How can we hope the crown to win?

How can we be His true disciples,

If all our thoughts are full of sin?

Vain indeed is our toil and labour,

Vain our hopes to secure the prize;

If there is no love in our hearts for Jesus,

He will our works and all our ways despise.

3 How can we ever slight our Saviour?

Daily offend our gracious Lord?

All that we do for love of Jesus

Surely brings us a rich reward!

Let us then have a heart to labour;

Consecrating ourselves anew;

Let us show our love for the blessed Saviour

In whatsoever we may find to do.

46. KEEP ON PRAYING.

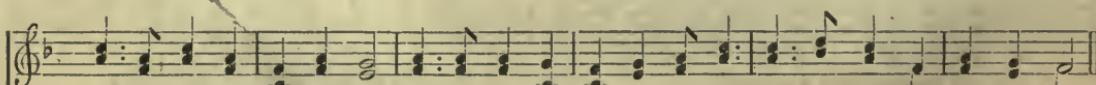
T. E. PERKINS.



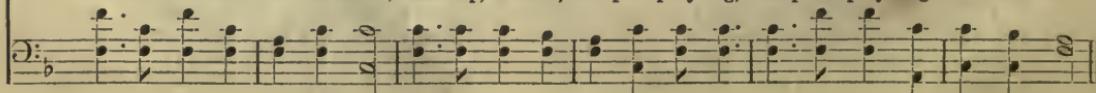
1. Long my spi - rit pined in sor - row, Watch-ing, wait - ing all in vain; Wait - ing for a



gold - en mor - row, Free from world - ly care and pain, When I heard a sweet voice say - ing,



In ' the ac-cent-s of a friend, Cheer up, brother, "keep on pray-ing," Keep on pray-ing to the end.



KEEP ON PRAYING—*continued.*

CHORUS.



When our wayward thoughts are stray-ing, When God's mer - cy seems de - lay - ing, Then in faith we'll



keep on pray-ing, Keep on pray-ing, keep on pray-ing, Keep on pray-ing to the end.



2 Ye, who sigh for holy pleasures,
Ye, who mourn your load of sin,
"Keep on praying," heavenly treasures
In the end you're sure to win.
Wrestle with the Lord of glory,
Lay your troubles at His feet,
Plead with faith in Calvary's story,
Till your joys are all complete.

Chorus—When our wayward, &c.

3 How the angel-band rejoices,
When a kneeling mortal prays ;
Hear them cry in heavenly voices,
"Keep on praying" all your days.
Pray until you reach fair Canaan,
Reach the pearly gates of day ;
Then your bliss shall end in glory,
And shall never pass away.

Chorus—When our wayward, &c.

47. WELCOME HYMN.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. Now u-nite our hearts and voi-ces In a song of joy and praise; Each one gathered here re-joic-es, And a

REFRAIN.

wel-come note we raise. Welcome, welcome, singing welcome, welcome home; Welcome, wel-come, singing welcome, welcome home.

welcome home,

2 We have missed thy solemn counsel
Falling on our listening ear,
When from week to week assembled
In this place to us most dear.

Refrain—Welcome, welcome, &c.

3 Gladly, gladly now we greet you,
And a hearty welcome bring;
Teachers, children, joy to meet you,
And a loving welcome sing.

Refrain—Welcome, welcome, &c.

4 Now to God, our heavenly Father,
Thanks from grateful hearts we pour;
He has kept you safe from danger,
Brought you back to us once more.

Refrain—Welcome, welcome, &c.

5 May we all, when life is over,
Gather in that heavenly land,
Where no farewell words are spoken
'Mid the holy, joyous band.

Refrain—Welcome, welcome, &c.

48. CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

Gently. mf

1. Sa-viour, Lord, we bow be-fore Thee, On this day of ju - bi - lee ; And with humble hearts implore Thee,

That a - mong us Thou wilt be. Thou wilt be, Thou wilt be, That a - mong us Thou wilt be.

1 Saviour, Lord, we bow before Thee,
On this day of jubilee ;
And with humble hearts implore Thee,
That among us Thou wilt be.

2 God of love ! what thanks we owe Thee
For the gospel of Thy grace !
May we all be taught to know Thee,
Early led to seek Thy face.

3 Now, for every gift and blessing,
We would render grateful praise ;
And to Thee, our sins confessing,
Dedicate our future days.

4 If our hearts to Thee be given,
We Thy face at length shall see ;
And around Thy throne in heaven,
Spend an endless jubilee.

49. ON, FOR THE PRIZE!

THEODORE E. PERKINS.

1. March-ing on in the glo-ry of our King! Press-ing on t'wards the mark For the prize of Christ our Lord; Cheer our way with the

songs of praise we sing, As we fight the good fight In the strength of Je-sus word. Girt with truth, wear-ing hel-met of sal-va-tion,

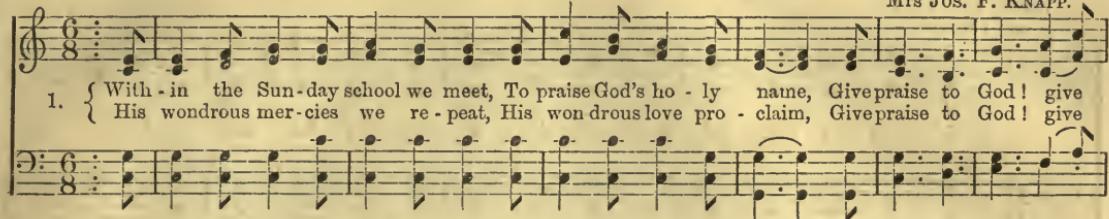
Armed with faith and shod with peace, Pray-ing al-ways with ho-ly sup-pli-ca-tion, Till our earth-ly war-fare cease.

2 Pressing on in the work He bids us do,
With our hearts full of trust
In His ever-present aid,
Firmly, boldly the path of light pursue,
For the Lord is our King,
And we'll never be afraid.

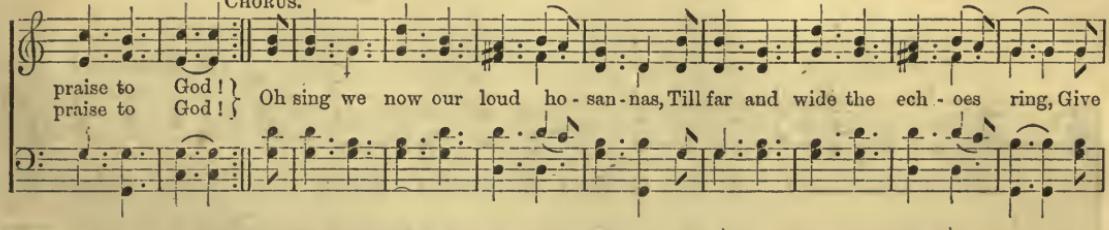
Shield of Faith, with the mighty sword of
Spirit,
Quenching every fiery dart,
Victors we through our Saviour's precious
merit,
Light our steps and strong our heart.

50. GIVE PRAISE TO GOD.

Mrs Jos. F. KNAPP.



CHORUS.



2 The gifts He sends us from His hand,
 Our gratitude invite,
 Give praise to God ! give praise to God !
 The peace that now controls the land,
 Bids every heart unite
 In praise to God ! in praise to God !—*Chorus.*

3 But more than any gift beside,
 We prize His holy Son ;
 Give praise to God ! give praise to God !
 Who came to earth, was crucified,
 And our redemption won !
 Give praise to God ! give praise to God !—*Chorus.*

51. I LOVE TO THINK OF HEAVEN.

DUET. THE GIRLS.
mf Cheerfully.

LESTA VES.

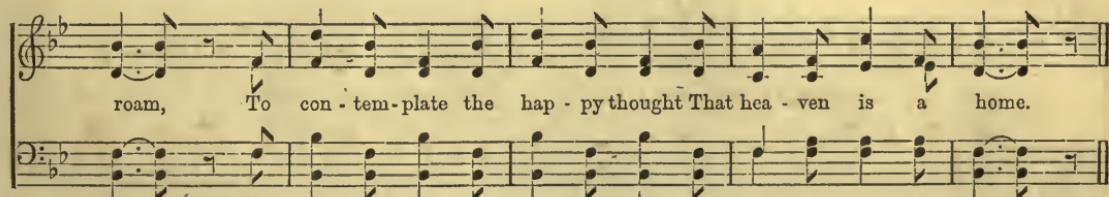
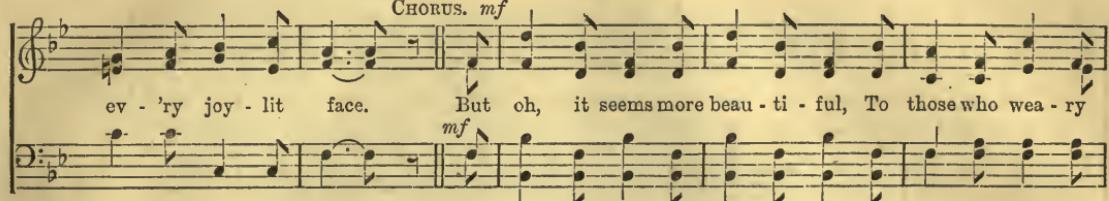
1. I love to think of hea - ven, As a coun - try fair and bright, Its
mf

mf THE BOYS.
an - gel bands are ra - di - ant, In robes of spot-less white; I love to sketch its
mf

beau - ties, As far as I can trace Its smiles of rap - ture beam - ing On

I LOVE TO THINK OF HEAVEN—continued.

CHORUS. *mf*

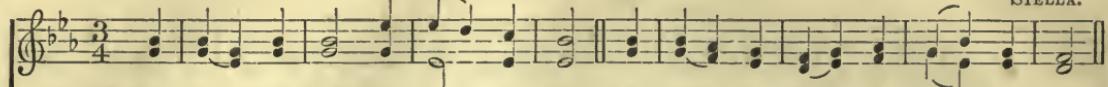


2 The homes of earth are beautiful
When sanctified by grace,
But that one will be brighter still
Before our Father's face.
There will be no more crying,
No sighing and no care,
No fading of the blooming cheek,
That oft awakes our fear.
No vacant seats, no sorrow,
No trial will be there;
A home with all its pleasures,
A home without a care.

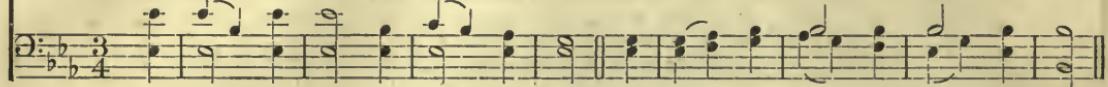
3 I love to think of heaven
As a place of glory bright ;
Its jewelled walls all brilliant
With floods of living light.
The living crowns all shining
On brows that know no care ;
Its thrilling music streaming,
From every harp-string there ;
But oh, methinks that o'er the thought
A matchless charm is thrown,
That binds in beauty round the heart,
That heaven is a home.

52. CREATION.

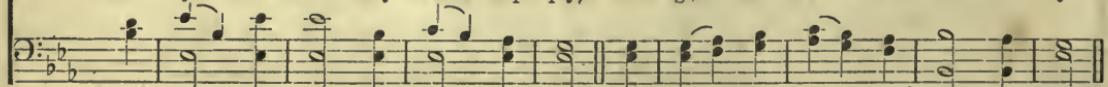
STELLA.



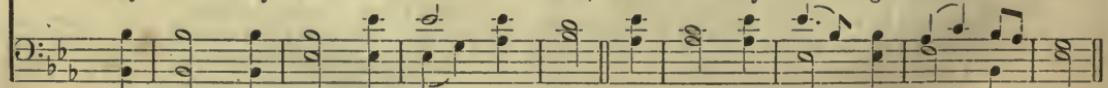
1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shep - herd's care;



His pre - sence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watch - ful eye.



My noon - day walks He shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.



2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand ring steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With living green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord I art with me still;
Thy rod and crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dismal shade.

57

58. A STARLESS CROWN.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. { Oh, shall I wear a star - less crown In yon - der world of glo - ry? Or will some lit - tle
 The won - drous sto - ry of the cross, The suf - f'ring of the Sa - viour, Who died that He from

FULL CHORUS.

friend be found To whom I've told the sto - ry - } O hap - py day! O hap - py place!
 world - ly dross Might win us to His fa - vour. }

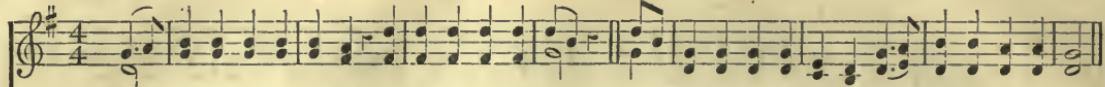
We soon shall meet to - geth - er, Where Je - sus stands with smil - ing face To crown us His for ev - er.

2 A youthful army now we stand,
 Our Captain's word is given,
 We'll onward move, His blest command
 Will guide us on to heaven.

When ransomed hosts shall gather round
 The Lamb on Zion's mountain,
 Oh, there may we in ranks be found
 Beside the living fountain.—*Chorus.*

60

54. PRECIOUS JESUS.



1. I need Thee, precious Je-sus, For I am full of sin, My soul is dark and guilty, My heart is dead with in.



I need the cleansing fountain Where I can al-ways flee, The blood of Christ most precious, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.



2 I need Thee, blessed Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus,
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, blessed Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee;
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.

I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, blessed Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne.
There with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

55. HEBER.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. There is a name I like to hear, I love to speak its worth;

It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet - est name on earth.

1 There is a name I like to hear,
I love to speak its worth ;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free ;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear !

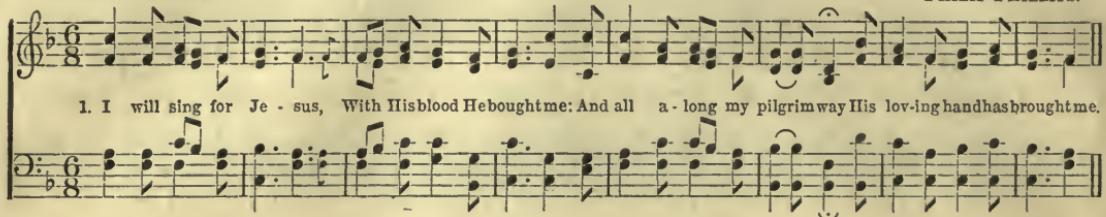
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

4 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this stormy road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

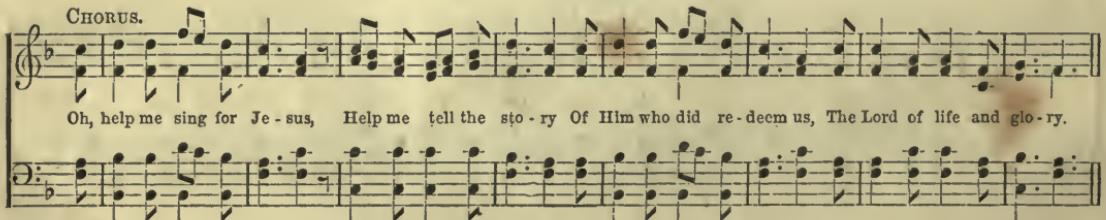
5 And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love for me.

56. I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. I will sing for Je-sus, With His blood He bought me: And all a-long my pilgrim way His loving hand has brought me.



CHORUS.
Oh, help me sing for Je-sus, Help me tell the sto-ry Of Him who did re-deem us, The Lord of life and glo-ry.

1 I will sing for Jesus,
With His blood He bought me:
And all along my pilgrim way
His loving hand has brought me.

Chorus.—Oh, help me sing for Jesus,
Help me tell the story
Of Him who did redeem us,
The Lord of life and glory.

2 Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster,

While I can sing for Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master.—*Chorus.*

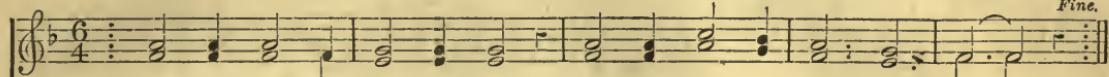
3 I will sing for Jesus,
His name alone prevailing
Will be my sweetest music
When heart and flesh are failing.—*Chorus.*

4 I will sing for Jesus,
How shall I adore Him
Among the cloud of witnesses
Who cast their crowns before Him!—*Chorus.*

57. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

S. B. MARSH.

Fine.



1. { Je - sus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly; }
 While the wa - ters near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
 Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!



Hide me, O my Sa - viour! hide, Till the storm of life is past;

1 Jesus! lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly;
 While the waters near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none—
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me;

All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring—
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

58. ONE THERE IS ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

1. One there is a-bove all o-thers Well de-serves the name of Friend: His is love be-yond a
bro-ther's, Cost-ly, free, and knows no end: They who once His kind-ness prove, Find it
ev-er-last-ing love, They who once His kindness prove, Find it ev-er-last-ing love.

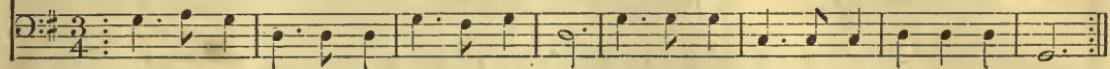
2 Which of all our friends to save us
Could or would have shed his blood:
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We shall love Thee as we ought.

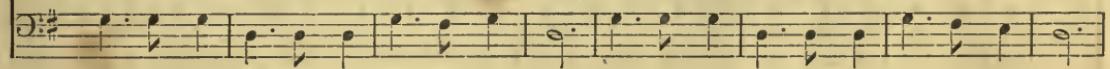
59. JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.



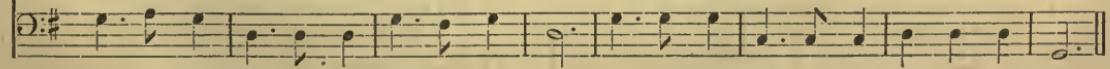
1. { Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on - ward we move, Bound to the land of bright spl - rits a - bove; }



Soon will our pil - grim - age end here be - low, Soon to the pre - sence of - God we shall go;



Then, if to Je - sus our hearts have been given, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest we in heaven.



2 Teachers and scholars have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore ;
Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus we come.

3 Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow ;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully we will go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone ;
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

60. MY DAYS ARE GLIDING SWIFTLY BY.

GEORGE F. ROOT.



1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not de-tain them as they fly, Those just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We



Fine. CHORUS.

D.S.



hours of toil and dan- ger; For now we stand on Jor-dan'sstrand, Our friends are pass-ing o - ver, And may al-most dis - cov - er.



1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly—
Those hours of toil and danger;
Chorus—For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 Our absent King the watchword gave—
“Let ev'ry lamp be burning;”

We look afar, across the wave,
Our distant home discerning.—*Chorus*.

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow,
For hope will sing, with courage bold,
“There's glory on the morrow.”—*Chorus*.

4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
Each cord on earth to sever,
There, bright and joyous in the skies,—
There is our home for ever.—*Chorus*.

61. BEAUTIFUL ZION.



1. Beau-ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau-ti - ful ci - ty that I love, Beau-ti - ful gates of pearl-y white,



Ritard.



Beau-ti - ful temple—God its light; He who was slain on Cal-va - ry, O-pen those pearly gates to me.



1 Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple—God its light;
He who was slain on Calvary,
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on ev'ry brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

62. BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

SEMI-CHORUS.

CHORUS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

CHORUS. T. E. PERKINS.



1. We've 'list-ed in a ho-ly war, Batt-ling for the Lord! E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, Batt-ling for the Lord!



FULL CHORUS.



We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.



1 We've 'listed in a holy war,
Battling for the Lord!

Eternal life, eternal joy,
Battling for the Lord!

Chorus—We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And then we'll rest at home.

2 Under our Captain, Jesus Christ,
Battling for the Lord!

We've 'listed for this mortal life,
Battling for the Lord!—*Chorus*.

3 We'll fight against the powers of sin,
Battling for the Lord!
In favour of our heavenly King,
Battling for the Lord!—*Chorus*.

63. I THINK WHEN I READ.

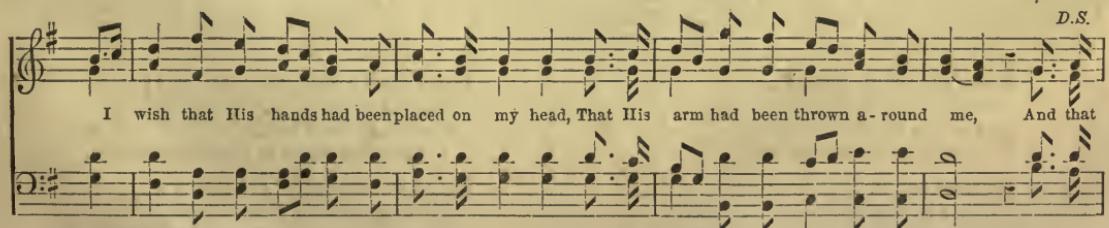
Greek Air.



Fine.



D.S.



2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blessed.

64. JESUS, WHO LIVED ABOVE THE SKY.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef, G major, and 4/4 time. The bottom staff is in bass clef, C major, and 4/4 time. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "1. Je - sus, who lived a - bove the sky, Came down to be a man and die; And in the Bi - ble we may see How ve - ry good He used to be." The second section of lyrics is: "4 But such a cruel death He died! He was hung up and crucified! And those kind hands that did such good, They nailed them to a cross of wood." The music features eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with a mix of quarter and eighth note rests.

1 Jesus, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die.
And in the Bible we may see
How very good He used to be.

2 He went about, He was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same.

3 And more than that, He told them too
The things that God would have them do,
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.

4 But such a cruel death He died!
He was hung up and crucified!
And those kind hands that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood.

5 And so He died!—and this is why
He came to be a man and die;
The Bible says He came from heaven
That we might have our sins forgiven.

6 He knew how wicked man had been,
And knew that God must punish sin,
So, out of pity, Jesus said,
He'd bear the punishment instead.

65. LOVE AND KINDNESS.

DUPUIS.

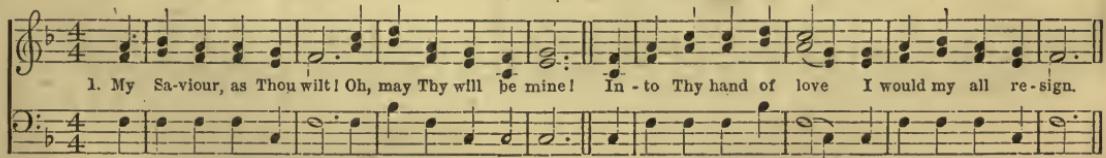


1 Love and kindness we may measure
By this simple rule alone—
Do we love our neighbours' pleasure
Just as if it were our own.
2 We should always care for others,
Nor suppose ourselves the best;
Let us love like friends and brothers,
'Twas the Saviour's last request.

3 His example we should borrow,
Who forsook His throne above;
And endured such pain and sorrow
Out of tenderness and love.
4 When the poor are unbefriended,
If we will not pity lend;
Christ accounts Himself offended,
Who is ev'ry creature's friend.

5 Let us not be so ungrateful
Thus His goodness to reward;
Selfishness indeed is hateful
In the followers of the Lord.
6 When a selfish thought would seize us
And our resolution break,
Let us then remember Jesus,
And resist it for His sake.

66. MY SAVIOUR, AS THOU WILT.



1 My Sa-viour, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re-sign.
2 Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done!
3 My Saviour, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
4 Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,

If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!
5 My Saviour, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me:
Each changing future scene,
I gladly trust with Thee.
6 Then to my home aboye
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

67. AROUND THE THRONE.



1. A-round the throne of God in heaven Thousands of chil-dren stand; Chil-dren, whose sins are all for-given, A



ho - ly, hap - py band, Sing-ing, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high.



2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed ;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, &c.

3 What brought them to that world above—
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there?
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, &c.

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin :
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, &c.

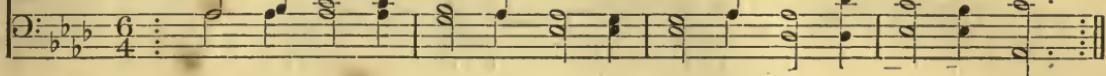
5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name ;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, &c.

68. EVEN ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. { Lord, I hear of showers of blessings, Thou art scat -'ring full and free ;
 Showers the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some drop -pings fall on me. }



1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessings,
 Thou art scatt'ring full and free ;
 Showers the thirsty land refreshing ;
 Let some droppings fall on me.
 Even me, Even me,
 Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
 Let me live and cling to Thee ;
 Fain I'm longing for Thy favour ;
 Whilst Thou 'rt calling, call for me—
 Even me, Even me,
 Whilst Thou 'rt calling, call for me.

3 Love of God, so pure and changeless ;
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free ;
 Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
 Magnify it all in me—
 Even me, Even me.
 Magnify it all in me.

4 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing ;
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee ;
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, oh, bless me,—
 Even me, Even me,
 Blessing others, oh, bless me.

69. STAND UP, STAND UP!

T. E. PERKINS.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross, Lift high His roy-al ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss.



From vic-t'ry un - to vic-t'ry His arm-y shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.



1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross.
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss.
 From vic'try unto vic'try
 His army shall He lead,
 Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own.

Put on the gospel armour,
 And watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song.
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

70. THERE IS NO NAME SO SWEET.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in hea-ven,—The name be - fore His

FULL CHORUS.

won - drous birth To Christ the Sav - iour giv - en. We love to sing a - round our King,

And hail Him bless-ed Je - sus; For there's no word ear ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet as Je - sus.

2 His human name they did proclaim
When Abram's son they sealed Him,—
The name that still, by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed Him.—*Chorus.*

3 And when He hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above Him,

That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him.—*Chorus.*

4 So now, upon His Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, He gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.—*Chorus.*

71. JESUS, WE LOVE TO MEET.

Spanish Chant.



1. { Je - sus, we love to meet On Thy ho - ly Sab-bath day. } { We wor-ship-round Thy seat On Thy ho - ly Sab-bath day. } Thou ten-der,heav'n-ly Friend,



To Thee our prayers a - scend, O'er our young spir - its bend, On Thy ho - ly Sab-bath day.



2 We dare not trifle now,
On Thy holy Sabbath day,
In silent awe we bow,
On Thy holy Sabbath day.
Check ev'ry wand'ring thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve Thee as we ought,
On Thy holy Sabbath day.

3 We listen to Thy word
On Thy holy Sabbath day,
Bless all that we have heard
On Thy holy Sabbath day.
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart,
On Thy holy Sabbath day.

72. NO SORROW THERE.

Rev. E. W. DUNBAR.



1. I love to think of heaven, Where white - robed an - gels are;
Chorus—There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;



D. C. Chorus.



Where many a friend is ga - thered safe From fear, and toil, and care.
 In heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.



2 I love to think of heaven,
 Where my Redeemer reigns ;
 Where rapturous songs of triumph rise
 In endless, joyous strains.—*Chorus*.

3 I love to think of heaven,
 The saints' eternal home ;
 Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
 And all our joys are one.—*Chorus*.

4 I love to think of heaven,
 The greetings there we'll meet :
 The harps—the songs for ever ours—
 The walks—the golden streets.—*Chorus*.

5 I love to think of heaven,
 That promised land so fair ;
 Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
 To be for ever there.—*Chorus*.

73. CLOSING HYMN.

OTTO FOX.



1. Heavenly Fa-ther, grant Thy bless-ing On the du-ties of the day; May Thy love, each soul pos-sess-ing,



Shine up - on our on - ward way. Guard our steps, and guide us ev - er, Make our way ser -ene -ly bright;



CHORUS.



Friend must part from friend, but nev - er May we lose Thy heaven-ly light. Nev - er, nev - er would we part



CLOSING HYMN—continued.

From this joy that fills the heart; Je - sus dwell with us be - low, Go with us wher-e'er we go.

2 May our hearts the lessons ponder
We have learned within this place,
And our footsteps never wander,
Guided by restraining grace.

Taught of Thee, O loving Saviour,
We our truest wisdom gain;
In the sunshine of Thy favour
We, Thy children, would remain.—*Chorus.*

74. MAY THE GRACE OF CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR.

May the grace of Christ our Sa - viour, And the Fa-ther's bound-less love, { Thus may we a - bide in un - ion
With the Ho - ly Spi - rit's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove. }

With each o - ther and the Lord, And pos - sess, in sweet com-mun - ion, Joys which earth can - not af - ord.

75. SABBATH BELLS.

T. E. PERKINS.



1. Ring-ing, sweet-ly ring-ing, The cheer-ful Sab-bath bells, Ring-ing, sweet-ly ring-ing, The



cheer-ful Sab-bath bells. We lin-ger a mo-ment their call to hear, Then haste a-way to our



school so dear, O-ver the greenwood, joy-ous and free, Sing-ing with glad-ness, hap-py are we.



SABBATH BELLS—continued.

CHORUS.



While o - ver the dis - tant hill Their mu - sic is float - ing still, Hear the e - cho,



e - cho, e - cho, sweet Sabbath bells, Hear the e - cho, e - cho, e - cho, sweet Sabbath bells.



2 Ringing, sweetly ringing,
Their silver chimes we love,
Ringing, sweetly ringing,
Their silver chimes we love,

A mission of peace to the heart they bear,
A welcome call to the house of prayer,
Telling of rapture, telling of rest,
Mansion of glory, tranquil and blest.—*Chorus.*

3 Ringing, sweetly ringing,
Those cheerful Sabbath bells,
Ringing, sweetly ringing,
Those cheerful Sabbath bells.

Oh, let us be grateful to God above,
Who crowneth our days with the light of love.
Blessed Redeemer, ever to Thee
Praise from Thy children offered shall be.—*Chorus.*

76. THE BETTER WORLD.

1. There is a bet - ter world they say, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright! Where sin and woe are
done a - way, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright! And mu - sic fills the balm - y air, And
an - gels with bright wings are there, And harps of gold and man-sions fair, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!

2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
Happy land ;
No tear-drops glisten in the eye,
Happy land ;
They drink the gushing streams of grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place,
Happy land.

3 But though we're sinners every one,
Jesus died ;
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died ;
We may be cleansed from every stain ;
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of pleasure reign,
Jesus died.

4 Then parents, brothers, sisters, come,
Come away ;
We long to reach our Father's home,
Come away !
Oh come, the time is fleeting past,
And men and things are fading fast,
Our turn will surely come at last,
Come away.

77. NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

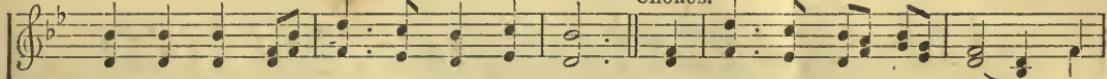
Mrs Jos. F. KNAPP.



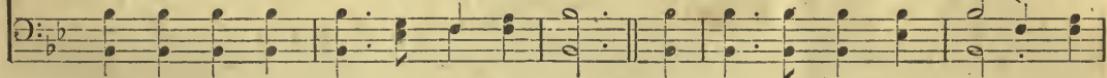
1. No cross, no crown! O bless-ed hope! With Christ we'll live and die; We'll suf-fer with our



CHORUS.



Sa - viour here, And reign with Him on high. With firm and stead - fast hope, Be



ours the cross to bear, Then rise tri-umph-ant with our God, The pro-mised crown to wear.



2 We'll glory in our Saviour's cross,
While on the pilgrim way,
And, trusting in His gracious word,
We'll labour, watch, and pray.—*Chorus.*

3 His strength our weakness will supply,
His love will make us free,
His grace will lead us safely home,
And His the praise shall be.—*Chorus.*

78. SWELL THE NOTE OF RAPTURE.

Mrs JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Great Re-deem-er, bless-ed Saviour, Christ our Lord Em-man-u-el, We will bless Thee for Thy fa-vour, And in joy-ful chor-us swell.

CHORUS.

1 Great Redeemer, blessed Saviour,
Christ our Lord Emmanuel,
We will bless Thee for Thy favour,
And in joyful chorus swell.

Chorus—Hallelujah, Amen,
God has come with man to dwell,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Angel hosts Thy throne surrounding,
Blessed songsters of the sky,
Gloriously Thy praise resounding,
Swell the note of rapture high.—*Chorus*.

3 Not alone the hosts of glory
Sing of love's redeeming plan,
Sons of men have caught the story,
Down to earth the tidings ran.—*Chorus*.

4 Join we now in love's sweet token,
Hail the blessed light we see,
How the heavenward path is open,
Lord, by which we come to Thee.—*Chorus*

5 God of glory, we adore Thee,
Low in adoration bend,
Own no other gods before Thee,
And in highest chorus blend.—*Chorus*.

79. LIGHT FROM ZION.

CHORUS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. { The pleasures of the an - gel band, The joys—oh, who can tell? } Sing to me now, spir - it choir,
 Hail, bles-sed day that brings me near The heaven I love so well. }

Sing from your hap - py home of love, And sing to my soul as the mo-ments roll, Of

end - less joys a - bove—And sing to my soul as the mo-ments roll, Of end-less joys. a - bove.

2 I see a light o'er yonder hill,
 It shines from Zion's towers,
 I feel the breeze that softly brings
 A balm from Eden's flowers.—*Chorus.*

3 I see the blest in garments fair,
 Oh, what a glorious sight,
 They need no sun, or moon, or stars,
 For Jesus is the light.—*Chorus.*

4 Lord, keep me faithful to the end,
 That, when my life is o'er,
 My soul, for all Thy goodness here,
 May praise Thee evermore.—*Chorus.*

80. GREAT IS JEHOVAH.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Great is Je - ho - vah, King of Kings; Oh, mag - ni - fy His name; Praise Him, ye na - tions
 of the earth, His great and might - y works pro - claim. When dark - ness ho - vered o'er the deep, And
 all was veiled in night, At His com - mand, in beau - ty smiled A morn of pur - est light.

2 Great is Jehovah, King of Kings;
 The stars together sang;
 Sweetly the new created earth
 In happy, joyful concert rang.
 But oh, our souls! in wonder lost,
 Behold, by faith sublime,
 In man's redemption from the fall
 God's greatest wisdom shine.

3 Glory to Him whose boundless love
 The debt of sin has paid;
 Glory to Him whose precious blood
 Our living sacrifice was made,
 With Him we die, through Him we rise;
 To Him all praise be given,
 Who lives exalted and adored
 By all the host of heaven.

81. SAVIOUR, WHILE MY HEART IS TENDER.

T. E. PERKINS.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { Sa-viour, while my heart is ten-der, I would yield that heart to Thee; Thine and on - ly Thine to be. Take me
All my powers to Thee sur - ren-der, *d. d d:-d;d. d s,;s,;s,s*

now, Lord Je - sus, take me, Let my youth-ful heart be Thine; Thy de - vot - ed ser-vant make me; Fill my soul with love di-vine.

1 Saviour, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee;
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine and only Thine to be.
Take me now, Lord Jesus! take me,
Let my youthful heart be Thine;
Thy devoted servant make me;
Fill my soul with love divine.

2 d Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
d S, Only do Thou guide my way;
d May Thy grace through life attend me,
G, Gladly then shall I obey.

d Let me do Thy will, or bear it,
d d I would know no will but Thine;
d Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it,
f I that life to Thee resign.

d May this solemn dedication
S, Never once forgotten lie;
d Let it know no revocation,
S, Published and confirmed on high.
d Thine I am, O Lord, for ever
d d To Thy service set apart;
d Suffer me to leave Thee never,
f Seal Thine image on my heart.

3

82. BEAUTIFUL LAND OF SONG.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. There's a beau-ti-ful land of song, A-way o'er Jord-an's riv-er, Where saints, p-hap-py, white-rob'd throng, Their notes in joy-ful

d:-d1d:d:d

CHORUS.



strains pro-long, In praise to God for ev-er, In praise to God for ev-er. In that beau-ti-ful

Key A flat

d:-d1d:-:m:-als:-:s|d:-:d:-:f,|s

d f d



land of song, Ran-somed ones are sing-ing; O'er hill and plain, with sweet re-frain, The glad, new song is ring-ing.



2 We have heard of the blest ones there,
Who live beside the river;
They bloom in beauty, young and fair,
And crowns of life immortal wear,
And sing and shout for ever,
And sing and shout for ever.—*Chorus.*

3 Jesus reigns in that goodly land,
He leaves His people never;
Around His throne a radiant band,
With palms of vict'ry in their hand,
His children sing for ever,
His children sing for ever.—*Chorus.*

4 We shall meet on that blissful shore,
Where time no more shall sever,
When earthly toils and cares are o'er,
We'll join with loved ones gone before,
And sing of Christ for ever,
And sing of Christ for ever.—*Chorus.*

83. THE OTHER SIDE.

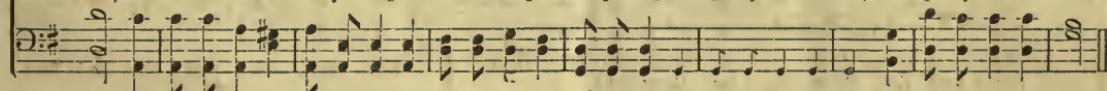
J. E. GOULD.



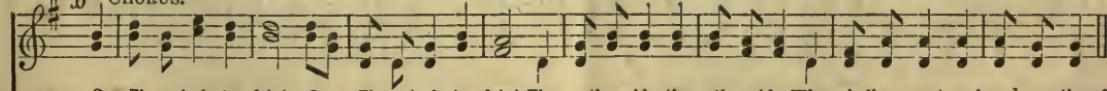
1. We dwell this side of Jordan's stream, Yet oft there comes a shin-ing beam A-cross from yonder shore, A - cross from yonder



shore; While visions of a ho-ly throng And sound of harp and seraph song Seem gently waft-ed o'er, Seem gently waft-ed o'er.



ff CHORUS.



O Zi-on! ci-ty fair! O Zi-on! ci-ty fair! The o-ther side, the o-ther side, When shall we meet our loved ones there?



2 The other side! ah, there's the place
Where saints in joy past times retrace,
And think of trials gone;
The veil withdrawn, they clearly see
That all on earth hath need to be,
To bring them safely home.—*Chorus.*

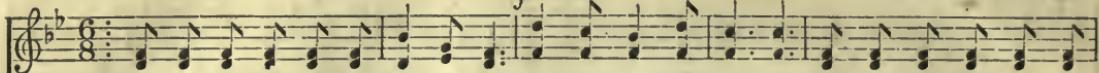
3 The other side! oh, charming sight!
Upon its banks, arrayed in white,
For me a loved one waits;
Over the stream He calls to me,
Fear not—I am thy guide to be
Up to the pearly gates.—*Chorus.*

4 The other side! the other side!
Who would not brave the swelling tide
Of earthly toil and care,
To wake one day, when life is past,
Over the stream, at home at last,
With all the blessed ones there.—*Chorus.*

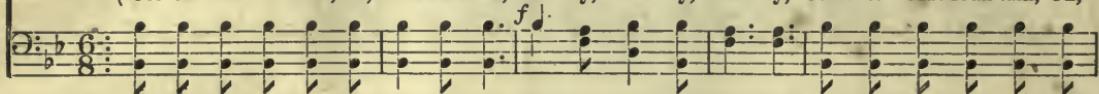
84. THE WATER OF LIFE.

f CHORUS.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. { Je - sus, the wa - ter of life will give Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly, Je - sus, the wa - ter of
 Come to that fountain, Oh, drink and live, Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly, Come to that foun - tain, Oh,



1st time.

2d time.

DUET.



life will give Free - ly to those who love Him. { love Him. The Spi - rit and the
 drink and live, Flow - ing for those that



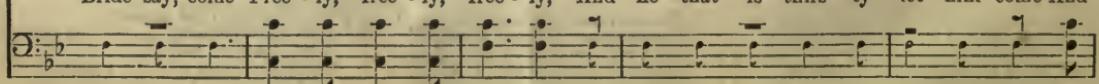
CHORUS.

DUET.

CHORUS.



Bride say, come Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly, And he that is thirs - ty let him come And



THE WATER OF LIFE—continued.

FULL CHORUS.

drink of the wa-ter of life. The foun-tain of life is flow-ing, Flow-ing, free-ly

flow-ing, The foun-tain of life is flow-ing, Is flow-ing for you and for me.

2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
 Freely to those that love Him.
 Treasures unfading will there be given,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Treasures unfading will there be given,
 Freely to those that love Him.—*Chorus.*

3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely to those that love Him;
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely to those that love Him.—*Chorus.*

4 Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Freely to those that love Him ;
 Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely to those that love Him.—*Chorus.*

5 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely to all that love Him.
 Come to the water of life that flows,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Come to the water of life that flows,
 Freely to all that love Him.—*Chorus.*

85. BLESSED RIVER.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. Fresh from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys - tal gleam, Bursts out the liv - ing foun - tain,
 Swells on the liv - ing stream; Bless - ed Riv - er, Let me ev - er Feast my eyes on
 thee, Bless - ed Riv - er, Let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee.

2 Stream full of life and gladness,
 Spring of all health and peace,
 No harps by thee hang silent,
 Nor happy voices cease ;
 Tranquil River,
 Let me ever
 Sit and sing by thee ;
 Tranquil River,
 Let me ever
 Sit and sing by thee.

3 River of God, I greet thee,
 Not now afar, but near ;
 My soul to thy still waters
 Hastes in its thirstings here ;
 Holy River,
 Let me ever
 Drink of only thee ;
 Holy River,
 Let me ever
 Drink of only thee.

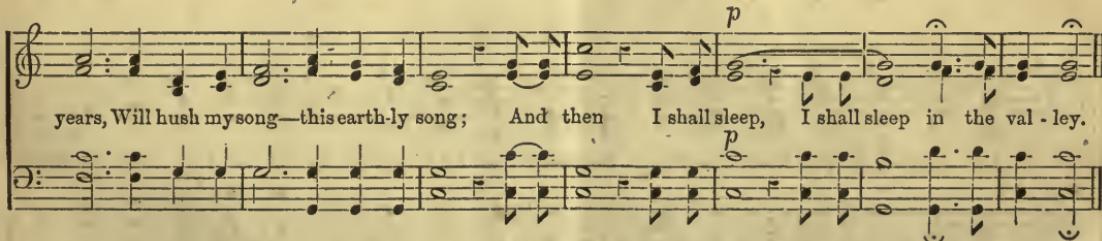
86. IN THE VALLEY.

Slow.

Rev. R. LOWRY.



1. A few more pray'rs—a few more tears—It won't be long, it won't be long,—A few more months, a few more



1 A few more prayers—a few more tears—
It won't be long, it won't be long,—
A few more months, a few more years,
Will hush my song—this earthly song;
And then I shall sleep in the valley.

2 A little pain—a little joy—
And, less or more, it matters not;
Some mingling yet with earth's alloy,
And then forgot—ah! soon forgot—
While I sleep, calmly sleep, in the valley.

3 A little gathering of the loved,
Whose patient hearts were always true;
Some tears to mingle with the sod—
A very few—a very few—
When they lay me to rest in the valley.

4 But Jesus' love—His precious love—
Will be my stay—my only stay;
And radiance, gleaming from above,
Will light the way—the lonely way—
When my soul passes through the dark valley.

87. THIS IS THE VICTORY.



1. March to the bat - tle field; March on with sword and shield; March on, the



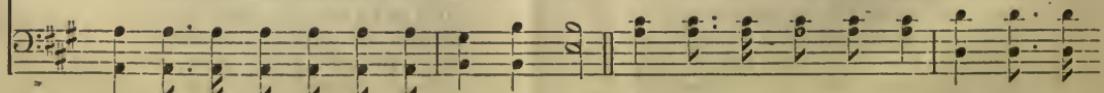
foe shall yield To Christ our King! On-ward ye faith - ful band; On-ward at His command;



CHORUS.



On-ward, nor halt - ing stand, But loud - ly sing:—This is the vic - to - ry, This is the



THIS IS THE VICTORY—*continued.*

vic - to - ry, This is the vic - to - ry, We sing by the way; This is the vic - to - ry,
This is the vic - to - ry, This is the vic - to - ry, And faith gains the day.

1 March to the battle field;
March on with sword and shield;
March on—the foe shall yield
To Christ our King !
Onward ye faithful band ;
Onward at His command ;
Onward, nor halting stand,
But loudly sing :

Chorus.—This is the victory,
This is the victory,
This is the victory,
We sing by the way;
This is the victory,
This is the victory,
This is the victory,
And faith gains the day.

2 Stand firm against thy foes ;
Stand, though a host oppose ;
Stand ! well our Leader knows
Our conflicts all.
“ Fear not,” He says to thee ;
“ Fear not, but valiant be ;
Fear not, but trust in me,—
The foe must fall.”—*Chorus.*

3 Fight though thy foes increase ;
Fight till the dawn of peace ;
Fight till the war shall cease ;
Then, shout and sing !
Shout, then, triumphantly,
Shout, shout the victory,
Shout, “ Glory be to Thee,
O Lord our King !”—*Chorus.*

88. NEVER GROW WEARY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. We must nev-er grow wea-ry do-ing well, do-ing well, Though in time we may reap no re-ward; For E - ter - ni - ty will

2. tell—yes, E - ter - ni - ty will tell, What a bless-ing rests on those who serve the Lord. O ye stars! shine

3. on, shine on! Far up in hea-ven's own blue, Sometime,sometime, I too may shine, I may shine as bright-ly as you.

2 We must bear the yoke daily : Jesus says,
"It is easy, My burden is light;"

For He knows how frail we are — yes, He knows how frail we are,
And He helps us through the day and through the night.—*Chorus.*

3 All the stars o'er us shining in the sky,
And the sun and the moon do His will ;

And we know that by and by, if to serve Him well we try,
With a brighter glow our spirits He will fill.—*Chorus.*

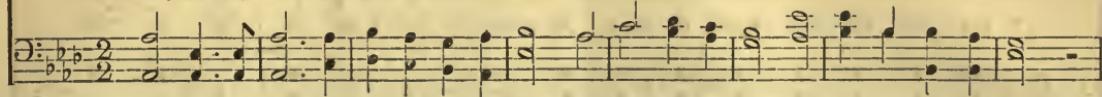
4 We must ever be watchful ! for to-day
May, for you and for me, be the last;
So the work we'll not delay, but we'll labour and we'll pray,
Till the sunset hour of life is safely passed.—*Chorus.*

89. HARK, HARK! MY SOUL!

W.M. F. SHERWIN.



1. Hark, hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'rearth's greenfields and o - cean's wave-beat shore;



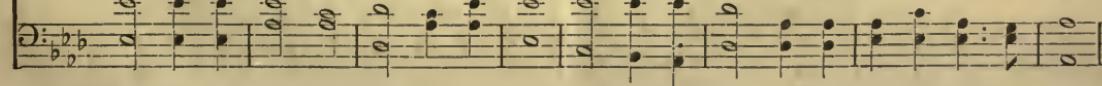
How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing, Of that new life when sin shall be no more!



CHORUS.



An - gels of Je - sus! an - gels of light! Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.



2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—*Chorus.*

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;

And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.—*Chorus.*

4 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Chorus.*

90. THE JOYFUL MESSAGE.

T. J. COOK.



1. Joy - ful the mes - sage of gos - pel grace, Call - ing ev - 'ry na - tion,



Come to the Sa-viour and seek His face, Here's a full sal - va - tion. Be - hold the way that



leads from sin, Bright - ly, bright - ly shin - ing, And He that be - liev - eth shall walk there - in, And



THE JOYFUL MESSAGE—continued.

REFRAIN.

dwell in the beau - ti - ful land. Come, oh come ye, come ye to the
 wa - ters, Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirst-eth, Oh come with - out mon - ey and buy!

1 Joyful the message of gospel grace,
 Calling every nation,
 Come to the Saviour, and seek His face,
 Here's a full salvation.
 Behold the way that leads from sin,
 Brightly, brightly shining,
 And he that believeth shall walk therein,
 And dwell in the beautiful land.

Refrain—Come, oh come ye, come ye to the waters,
 Ho! every one that thirsteth,
 Oh come without money and buy!

2 God is the refuge and strength of all,
 He a sure foundation;

They that will trust Him shall never fall,
 He's our great salvation.
 Oh come, and be for ever blest,
 Seek and ye shall find Him;
 There's rest for the weary, eternal rest,
 A home in the beautiful land.—*Refrain*.

3 Happy the people that know the Lord,
 In His truth confiding;
 Happy the people that love His word,
 In His law abiding.
 The Lord, our buckler and our shield,
 Giveth grace and glory;
 And He will no good thing from them withhold,
 Who walk in the light of His love.—*Refrain*.

91. MANSIONS OF LIGHT.

DUET. GIRLS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. { Oh, say have you heard of the mansions of light Our Sa-viour has gone to pre-pare?
 Where falls not a cloud or a sha-dow of night, They tell us no sor-row is } there.

BOYS.

Oh, yes, we have heard of the man-sions so bright, And free from all sor-row and care;

Our Sa-viour, the Lamb, is the glo-ry and light, The chil-dren of Zi-on are there.

MANSIONS OF LIGHT—*continued.*

CHORUS.



'Tis a home where the wea - ry may rest, The beau - ti - ful home of the blest; Oh,



come, we are bound for the man-sions of light, The beau - ti - ful home of the blest.

1 Oh, say have you heard of the mansions of light
Our Saviour has gone to prepare?
Where falls not a cloud or a shadow of night,
They tell us no sorrow is there.
Oh, yes, we have heard of the mansions so bright,
And free from all sorrow and care;
Our Saviour, the Lamb, is the glory and light,
The children of Zion are there.

Chorus—'Tis a home where the weary may rest,
The beautiful home of the blest;

Oh, come, we are bound for the mansions of light,
The beautiful home of the blest.

2 Oh, where is that city whose portals of gold
Are open by night and by day?
The city whose splendour can never be told,
Whose pleasures will never decay?
'Tis yonder, where joyful our spirits may fly,
Beyond where the bright planets roll;
Above the clear arch of the blue ether sky,
The beautiful home of the soul.—*Chorus.*

92. THY NAME ALONE CAN SAVE.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. There is a Name di - vine - ly sweet, That melts the heart to love, And



wakes the high - est note of praise From an - gel choirs a - bove. It guides the mourn-ing



wan - d'er home; It calms the trou - bled wave; In all the realms be - neath the skies, No



THY NAME ALONE CAN SAVE—continued.

CHORUS.

o - ther name can save. Dear Sa - viour, Thine the pre - cious Name That melts the
heart to love, And wakes the high - est note of praise From an - gel choirs a - bove.

1 There is a Name divinely sweet,
That melts the heart to love,
And wakes the highest note of praise
From angel choirs above.
It guides the mourning wanderer home ;
It calms the troubled wave ;
In all the realms beneath the skies,
No other name can save.

Chorus—Dear Saviour, Thine the precious Name
That melts the heart to love,
And wakes the highest note of praise
From angel choirs above.

2 That Name devotion's flame inspires
In every grateful breast ;

And through its all-prevailing power
We hope, and look for rest.
It brings us near the throne of grace,
By faith and earnest prayer ;
It brings to every waiting soul
A Father's blessing there.—*Chorus*.

3 The saints redeemed, with one accord,
The Name in glory sing ;
And o'er the radiant fields of light
Their loud hosannas ring.
Eternal Father, source of light !
Inspire our grateful lays,
And teach our hearts in nobler strains
That blessed Name to praise.—*Chorus*.

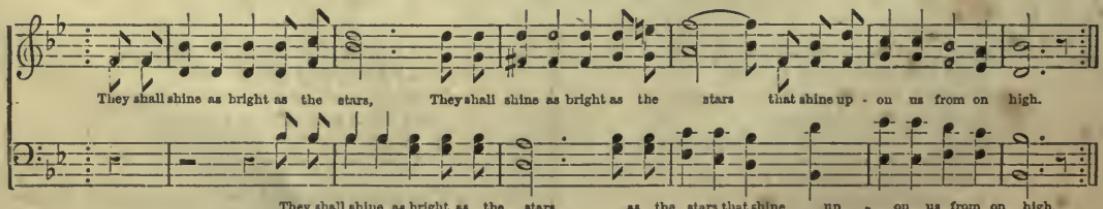
93. WHO SHALL SHINE?

W. B. BRADBURY.

Quick.



CHORUS. Spirited.



2 Oh, to be truly wise,
In thought, in word, in deed,
To teach my erring heart,
To seek the help I need!
Thou ruler of the world,
Who keep'st the stars in place,
Oh, grant that I may yet behold
The brightness of Thy face.—*Chorus.*

3 If wisdom's ways I seek,
I surely shall be blest;
They run through joy and peace,
Unto a land of rest;
And oh! I fain would reach
Those starry heights above,
And with new brightness ever shine,
And sing a Saviour's love.—*Chorus.*

94. JOY! JOY! JOY!

1st time *p*; 2d time *f*

W. M. B. BRADBURY.

Fine.

1. Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in heav'n with the an-gels; Joy! joy! joy! for the pro-di-gal's re-turn! He has come, he has

mp A little slower.

come To his Father's house at last; He was lost, he is found, And the gloom of night is past. Bless-ed hour of joy and com-

mp

mun-ion sweet, For his heart is full and his love complete, His Fa-ther sees him and hasten to meet, And bid him wel-come home.

D. C. f

2 Joy! joy! joy! in the courts of heaven resounding,
 Joy! joy! joy! o'er the prodigal's return;
 Hark! the song, hark! the song,
 'Tis a joyful, joyful strain,
 Welcome home, welcome home,
 To thy Father's house again,
 While his eye is dim with the falling tears
 Of repentant grief, over wasted years,
 The pardoning voice of his Father cheers,
 And bids him welcome home.

3 Joy! joy! joy! in the radiant fields of glory,
 Joy! joy! joy! when a wan-dering soul returns;
 Let us haste, let us haste,
 While the morning sun is bright,
 Jesus calls, Jesus calls,
 To a land of love and light;
 We will journey on till our pilgrim feet
 Shall be found at last in the golden street;
 Our glorious Saviour will smile to greet,
 And bid us welcome home.

78
95. HOSANNA!

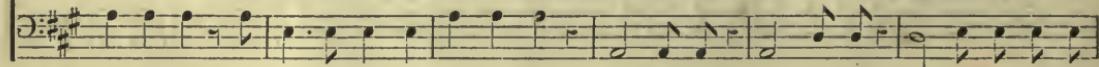
CHORUS.



1. { What are those soul re - viv - ing strains Whiche - cho thus from Sa - lem's splains? } "Glo - ry, glo - ry!"
 { What anthems loud, and loud - er still, So sweet - ly sound from Zi - on's hill? }



let us sing, While heaven and earth with "Glory!" ring: { Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na to the
 Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na to the }



Fine. Allegretto.

D. S.



Lamb of God! { "Glo - ry, glo - ry!" let us sing, While heaven and earth with "Glo - ry!" ring.
 Lamb of God! }



2 Lo, 'tis an infant chorus sings
 "Hosanna to the King of kings!"
 The Saviour comes, and babes proclaim
 Salvation sent in Jesus' name.—*Chorus.*

3 Messiah's name shall joy impart,
 Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:

He bled for us, He bled for you,
 And we will sing Hosanna too.—*Chorus.*

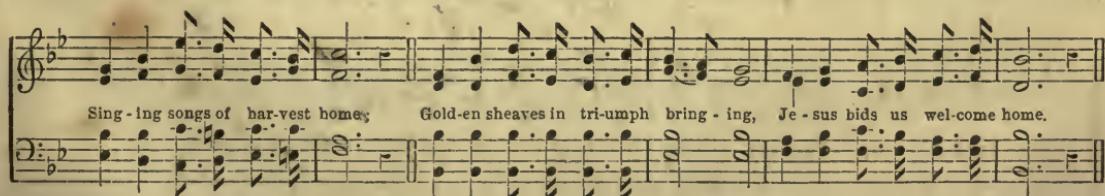
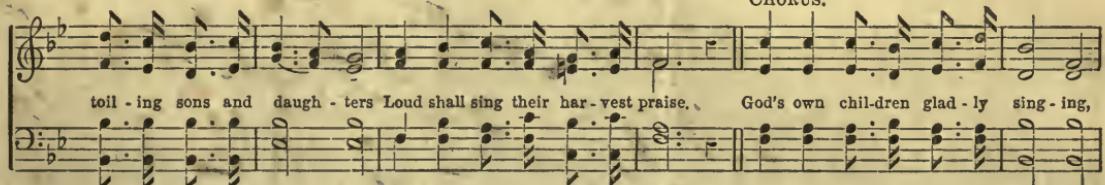
4 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
 See David's Son and Lord appear:
 All praise on earth to Him be given,
 And "Glory!" shout through highest heaven.—*Chorus.*

96. HARVEST HOME.

T. E. PERKINS.



CHORUS.



1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Find it after many days;
Jesus' toiling sons and daughters
Loud shall sing their harvest praise.

Chorus-God's own children gladly singing,
Singing songs of harvest home;
Golden sheaves in triumph bringing,
Jesus bids us welcome home.

2 Sow in faith, on God depending,
E'en in hardest, poorest soil;
Patient care and labour spending,
God will recompense the toil.—*Chorus*.

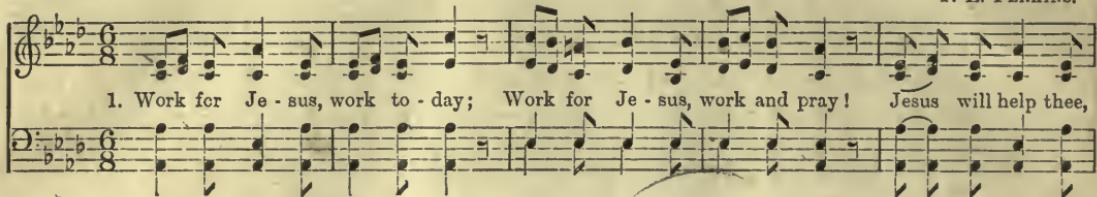
3 Sow in faith, not ever weary,
Hoping on, and fainting not,
Though the day be dark and dreary,
Reaping soon shall be thy lot.—*Chorus*.

4 Soon shall cease the time of sowing,
Soon the waiting days be o'er,
Plenteous harvest richly growing,
For God's glory evermore.—*Chorus*.

5 Golden sheaves in triumph bringing,
Jesus' reapers hasten home
Harvest welcome gladly singing,
Jesus meets them as they come.—*Chorus*.

97. WORK FOR JESUS.

T. E. PERKINS.

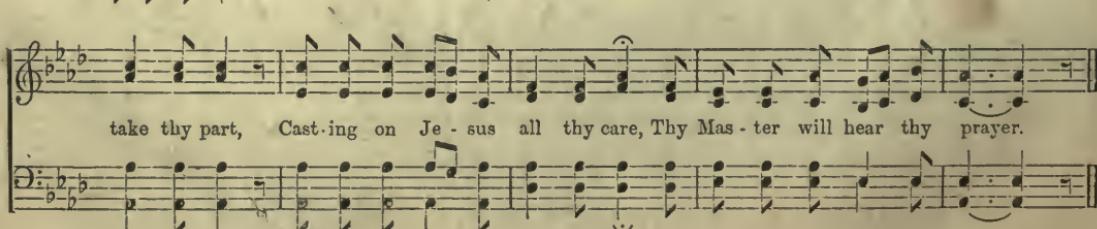


1. Work for Je - sus, work to - day; Work for Je - sus, work and pray! Jesus will help thee,

CHORUS.



Jesus is near, Banish each doubt and fear. He will cheer thy fainting heart, Give thee strength, and



take thy part, Casting on Je - sus all thy care, Thy Mas - ter will hear thy prayer.

2 Work for Jesus in the light,
While the noonday sun is bright ;
Jesus hath called thee from on high,
Jesus is standing nigh.

3 Work for Jesus, soon 'tis night,
Soon will fade the evening light ;
Then, as sinks the setting sun,
Jesus will say, " Well done."

98. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

T. BISSELL.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, march-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus go-ing on be - fore.
 Christ, the Roy-al Mas - ter, leads a-gainst the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, see, His ban-ners go.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Christian sol - diers, march-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus go-ing on be - fore.

2 Like a mighty army, moves the Church of God ;
 Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod ;
 We are not divided, all one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.—*Chorus.*

3 Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus constant will remain ;

Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail ;
 We have Christ's own promise, which can never fail.—*Chorus.*

4 Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song.
 Glory, praise, and honour, men and angels sing
 Through the countless ages unto Christ the King.—*Chorus.*

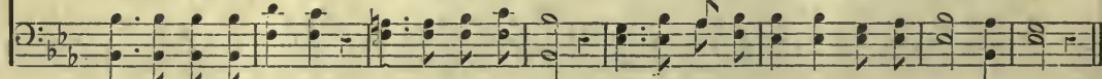
99. BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.



1. Not thine own, O Teach- er, Bought with blood art thou; Christ thy Saviour claims thee For His ser - vice now.



And His mark is on thee, Set - ting thee a - part; Con - se-crat-ed to Him, Be thy life and heart.



2 Not thine own, O Teacher,
In that happy day,
When His free forgiveness
Put thy guilt away ;
Joyfully thou gavest
Thy whole self to be
His, whose love had ransomed,
Sought, and pardoned thee.

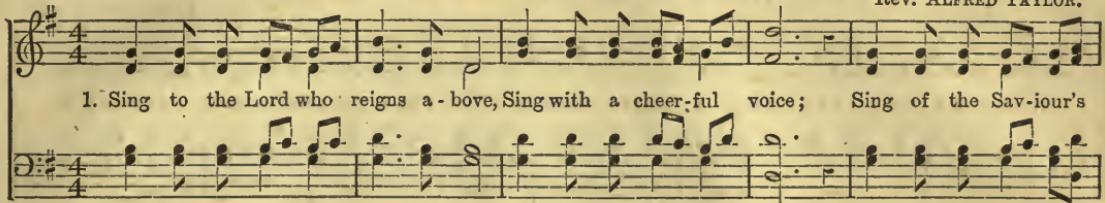
3 Christ's thou art : then surely
Work for Him thou must,
Nor be e'er unfaithful
To thy Master's trust ;
Worthy, oh, most worthy
Is thy Saviour King ;
Ever to His footstool
Thy best offerings bring.

4 Christ's thou art : no honour
Can with theirs compare
Who belong to Jesus,
And His name who bear ;
In His love and presence
They are rich indeed,
And to joys unending
He their steps will lead.

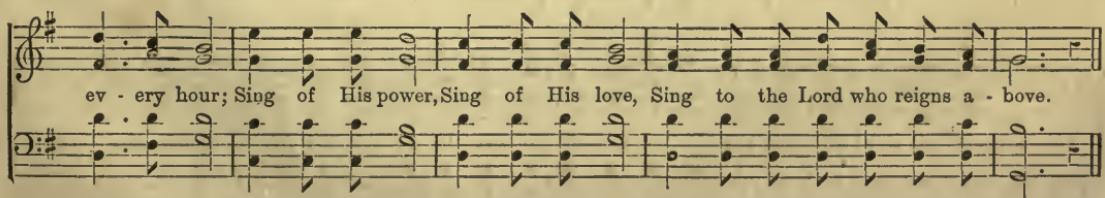
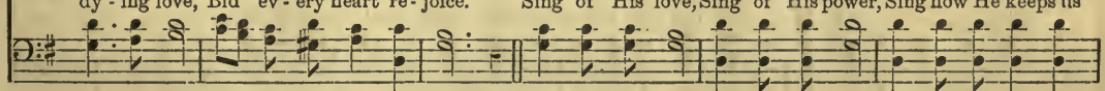
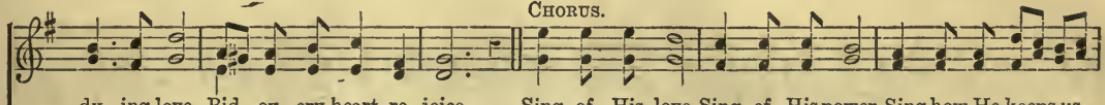
5 Jesus, Saviour, claim me
Now and evermore,
While on earth I'm dwelling,
And when life is o'er ;
At Thy glorious coming
Own me, Lord, as Thine,
One among Thy jewels,
To Thy praise to shine.

100. SING TO THE LORD.

Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.



CHORUS.



2 Sing in the darkest hour of night,
Sing, for the Lord is near;
Sing how He giveth strength and light,
Sing, for He loves to hear.

3 Sing in the hour of holy joy;
Sing when the day is bright;

Praise shall our holiest powers employ;
Sing, for He gives us light.

4 Sing with the ransomed choir on high,
Sing in the gladdest strains;
Sing to the Lord who came to die,
Sing, for He ever reigns.

101. STAR, BEAUTIFUL STAR.

SOLO.

FRED. SCHILLING.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful star, a beau - ti - ful star, The wea - ry trav'lers have fol - lowed far,

CHORUS.

Shin - ing so bright - ly all the way, Till it stood o'er the place where the young child lay. Star, star,

beau - ti - ful star! Pilgrims wea - ry we are; To Je - sus, to Je - sus, We fol - low thee from a - far.

2 In the land of the East, in the shadows of night,
We saw the glory of thy new light,
Telling us, in our distant home,
The King-Redeemer to earth had come!

3 We have gold for tribute, and gifts for prayer,
Incense and myrrh, and spices rare;
All that we have, we hither bring,
To lay it with joy at the feet of the King.

102. MORE LIKE JESUS.

W. H. DOANE.

Slow, with feeling.

1. More like Je-sus would I be, Let my Sav-iour dwell with me; Fill my soul with peace and love,
Poor in spir-it would I be,

Make me gen-tle as a dove. More like Je-sus, while I go, Pil-grim in this world be-low;

Let my Sav-iour dwell in me.

Fine.

D. S.

1 More like Jesus would I be,
Let my Saviour dwell with me;
Fill my soul with peace and love—
Make me gentle as a dove.
More like Jesus, while I go,
Pilgrim in this world below;
Poor in spirit would I be,
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

2 If He hears the raven's cry,
If His ever watchful eye
Marks the sparrows when they fall,
Surely He will hear my call.

He will teach me how to live,
All my sinful thoughts forgive;
Pure in heart I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

3 More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day,
May I rest me by His side,
Where the tranquil waters glide.
Born of Him, through grace renewed,
By His love my will subdued,
Rich in faith I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

103. MY SHEPHERD.



1. Thou art my Shep-herd, Car-ing in ev -'ry need Thy lit -tle lambs to feed; Trusting Thee still;



In the green pastures low, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow, Safe by Thy side I go, Fearing no ill.



1 Thou art my Shepherd,
Caring in every need
Thy little lambs to feed ;
Trusting Thee still;
In the green pastures low,
Where living waters flow,
Safe by Thy side I go,
Fearing no ill.

2 Or, if my way lie
Where death o'erhanging nigh,
My soul would terrify
With sudden chill,—
Yet I am not afraid ;
While softly on my head
Thy tender hand is laid,
I fear no ill !

104. WHO IS HE?

CHORUS.

B. R. HANBY.



1. Who is He in yon-der stall, At whose feet the shep-herds fall? 'Tis the Lord, O won-drous



sto - ry! 'Tis the Lord, the King of glo - ry; At His feet we humbly fall, Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.



1 Who is He in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?

Chorus—'Tis the Lord, O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of glory;
At His feet we humbly fall,
Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

2 Who is He in yonder cot,
Bending to His toilsome lot?—*Chorus*.

3 Who is He who stands and weeps
At the grave where Laz'rus sleeps?—*Chorus*.

4 Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?—*Chorus*.

5 Lo! at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?—*Chorus*.

6 On the cross, lo! who is He,
Sheds His precious blood for me?—*Chorus*.

7 Who is He that, from the grave,
Come to heal, and help, and save?—*Chorus*.

8 Who is He that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone?—*Chorus*.

105. THE TWO SONGS.

KARL REDEN.



1. Hark! the air is full of voi - ces, Sing - ing Je - sus' love, Sing - ing



Je - sus' love; Heav'ly wings are fast de - scend - ing From the choirs a - bove!



mf SEMI-CHORUS.



O'er the earth sweet notes are drop - ping In a show'r of song, For the an - gel bands are



THE TWO SONGS—*continued.*

f FULL CHORUS.

gath'-ring In a bless - ed throng! Hark! the words which they are sing - ing Are sweet
hymns of praise, Are sweet hymns of praise, And they come to blend their mu - sic With the
songs we raise; And they come to blend their mu - sic With the songs we raise.

2 Blessed angels, we are praising
Christ, our Saviour King;
To His feet the happy children
All their worship bring—
Meeting in the sunlit glory,
Loving notes shall blend.

Praising Christ, the “One all lovely”—
Christ, the children’s friend!
Hark! the angels strike their harp-strings
With new shouts of song;
Blessed angels, we’ll sing loudest,
We’re a blood-bought throng!

106. CHRISTMAS HALLELUJAH.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Blow, ye gold - en trum-pets, blow, Let the sleep-ing na-tions know Christ the Lord is born. Yon-der see the
 Bethlehem star, Guid-ing mor-tals from a - far; Peace shall reign for ev - er-more, Christ the Lord is born.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord! 'Tis the bless - ed Christ-mas morn; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ the Lord is born!

2 Ring, oh, ring, ye silvery bells,
 Far and near your cadence swells,
 Christ the Lord is born,
 Ring, and banish doubt and fear,
 Ring, till all with joy shall hear
 Sin is vanquished, victory's near,
 Christ the Lord is born.—*Chorus.*

3 Sing, oh, sing, ye people free,
 Shout, for 'tis your jubilee,
 Christ the Lord is born.
 Sing, while reign the Three in One
 Rivers of salvation run,
 Now the mighty work is done,
 Christ the Lord is born.—*Chorus.*

107. CLOSE THE DOOR LIGHTLY.

W.M. B. BRADBURY.

Slow and gentle.



1. Close the doorlight-ly, Bri - dle the breath, Our lit - tle earth-an-gel Is talk-ing with Death. Gent - ly he woos her, She



wish-es to stay; His arms are a - bouther, He bears her a - way; His arms are a - bouther, He bears her a - way.



2 Music comes floating
Down from above,
Angels are chanting
Sweet welcome of love.
Come, stricken weeper,
And stand by the bed ;
Come, gaze on the sleeper,
Our darling is dead.

3 Smooth out the ringlets,—
Close the blue eye ;
No wonder such beauty
Was claimed in the sky ;—

Cross the hands gently
Upon the white breast,
So like a mild spirit
Strayed from the blest.

4 Bear her out softly
To her last rest,
Safe with her Saviour,
Darling is blest.
Jesus hath called her,
Pure, undefiled :
Take comfort, sad weeper,
"Tis well with the child."

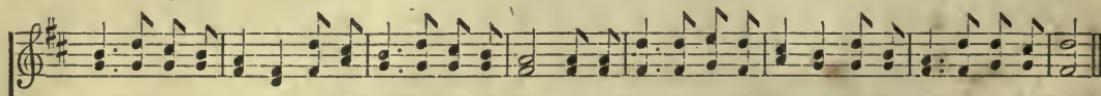
108. CROWN OF LIFE.

T. E. PERKINS.

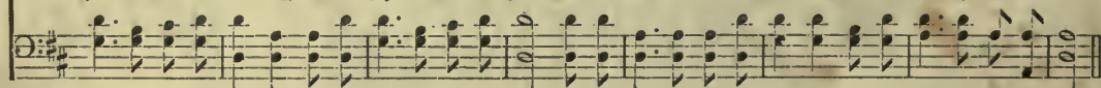
CHORUS.



1. { Gra-rious Sav-iour, can it be, There a-waits a crown for me, Crown of nev-er-fad-ing light? Yes, oh



yes, His word be-lievin-ing, End-less joy His love will give; At His hands the crown re ceiv-ing, In His glo-ry ev-er live.



1 Gracious Saviour, can it be
There awaits a crown for me,
Crown of righteousness so bright,
Crown of never-fading light?

Chorus—Yes, oh yes, His word believing,
Endless joy His love will give;
At His hands the crown receiving,
In His glory ever live.

2 Can it be, a harp of gold
In Thy choir these hands shall hold?

That this voice shall join the song
Sung by angels round the throne!—*Chorus*.

3 Shall I have a glorious dress,
Purchased by Thy righteousness?
Shall I dwell with Thee on high,
Never more to sin, nor die!—*Chorus*.

4 Shall I pass the pearly gates?
Shall I walk the golden streets?
Shall I see the great white throne,
And behold the Lamb thereon?—*Chorus*.

109. SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Safe in the arms of Je-sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-shad-ed,



Chorus—Safe in the arms of Je-sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-shad-ed,

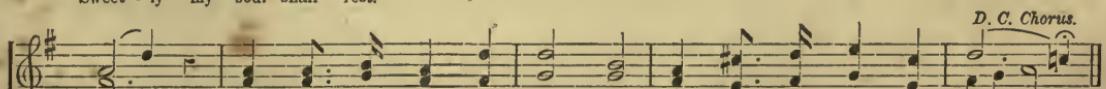


Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an-gels, Borne in a song to

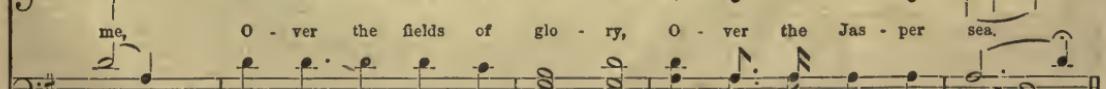


Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

D. C. Chorus.



me, O-ver the fields of glo-ry, O-ver the Jas-per sea.



2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.

Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.—Cho.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.

Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.—Cho.

110. THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

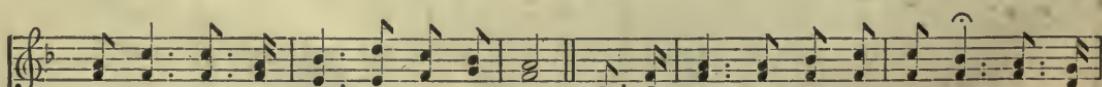
HUBERT P. MAIN.



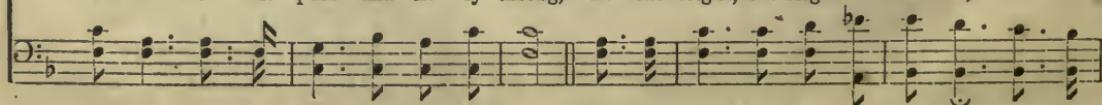
1. Break-ing through the clouds that ga - ther O'er the Chris-tian's na - tal skies, Dis - tant



beams, like floods of glo - ry, Fill the soul with glad sur - prise; And we al - most hear the

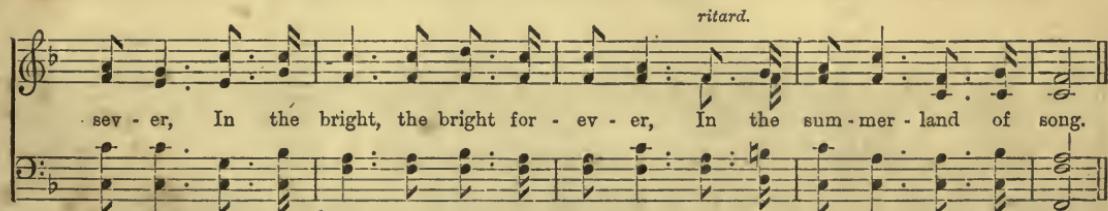
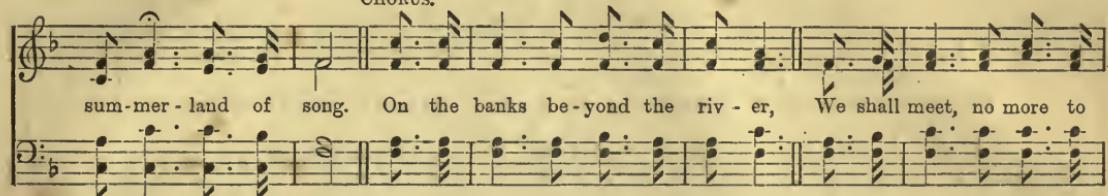


e - cho' Of the pure and ho - ly throng, In the bright, the bright for - ev - er, In the



THE BRIGHT FOREVER—*continued.*

CHORUS.



1 Breaking through the clouds that gather
O'er the Christian's natal skies,
Distant beams, like floods of glory,
Fill the soul with glad surprise;
And we almost hear the echo
Of the pure and holy throng,
In the bright, the bright forever,
In the summer-land of song.

Chorus—On the banks beyond the river,
We shall meet, no more to sever,
In the bright, the bright forever,
In the summer-land of song.

2 Yet a little while we linger
Ere we reach our journey's end;

Yet a little while to labour
Ere the evening shades descend;
Then we'll lay us down to slumber,
But the night will soon be o'er;
In the bright, the bright forever
We shall wake to sleep no more.—*Chorus.*

3 Oh the bliss of life eternal!
Oh the long unbroken rest!
In the golden fields of pleasure,
In the region of the blest.
But to see our dear Redeemer,
And before His throne to fall,
There to hear His gracious welcome—
Will be sweeter far than all.—*Chorus.*

111. CHILDREN'S TE DEUM.

CHORUS.—*Vigoroso.*

HENRY TUCKER.



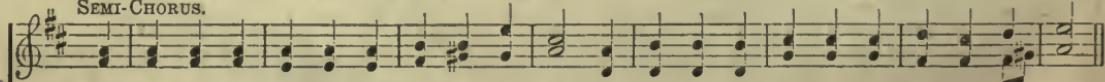
We praise Thee, we bless Thee! Thou who on - ly art di - vine; No name is wor - thy such hom-age as Thine; Our



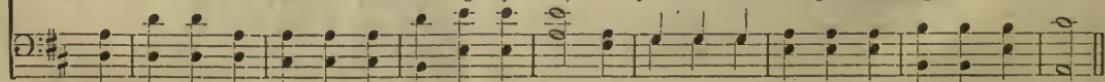
heart's a - dor - a - tion for - ev - er we will glad - ly bring To Thee, our Re-deem - er, Cre - a - tor, and King.



SEMI-CHORUS.



1. To meet the glad e - choes our voi - ces we raise, And join with our souls in the au - them of praise;
2. For mer - cies un - num-bered, for ten - der - est care, For bless - ings Thy chil - dren so boun - teous - ly share:
3. For all the sweet pro - mis - es faith - ful - ly given, For all the bright hopes that look for - ward to heaven:
4. Our voi - ces in chor - us ex - ult - ing - ly rise, To join with the au - gels whose songs fill the skies.

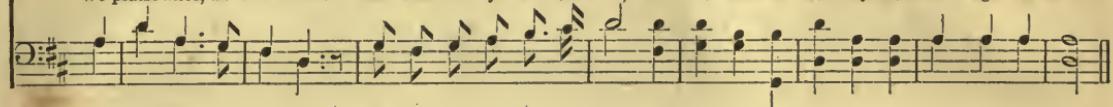


CHILDREN'S TE DEUM—continued.

CHORUS.



We praise Thee, we bless Thee! Thou who on - ly art div - ine, For no name is wor - thy such hom - age as Thine.



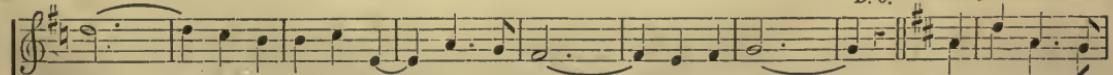
SOLO.



1. With an - gels in glo - ry, We her - aid the sto - ry, Glad
 2. Now joy - ful - ly blend - ing, With rap - ture a - scand - ing, Our
 3. Our hearts warm - ly glow - ing, With mel - od - y flow - ing, All
 4. Ye an - gels in glo - ry, Still her - aid the sto - ry, Sing



D. C. Coda after last verse.



tid - ings of joy and peace Through our Sa - viour and King. We praise Thee, we
 tri - bute of praise to Thee, Bless - ed Sa - viour and King.
 glo - ry and praise to Thee, Bless - ed Sa - viour and King.
 prais - es for ev - er - more To our Sa - viour and King. *D. C.*



CHILDREN'S TE DEUM—*continued.*



bless Thee, Thou who on - ly art div - ire, No name is wor - thy such hom-age as Thine; Our heart's a - dor-



a - tion for ev - er we will glad - ly bring To Thee, our Cre - a - -- tor, Re - deem - er, and King. Hal - le -



lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men.



112. *PORTUGUESE HYMN.*

for with thy

1. We thank Thee, our Fa - ther for all we have heard, For ev - ery sweet pro - mise con -

tained in Thy word ; And oh, with Thy spir - it to com - fort and cheer, How oft we have

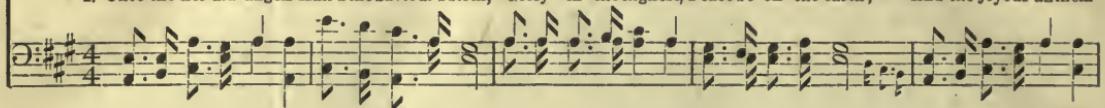
felt "it is good to be here," How oft we have felt "it is good to be here!"

1 We thank Thee, our Father, for all we have heard,
For every sweet promise contained in Thy word ;
And oh, with Thy spirit to comfort and cheer,
How oft we have felt "it is good to be here!"

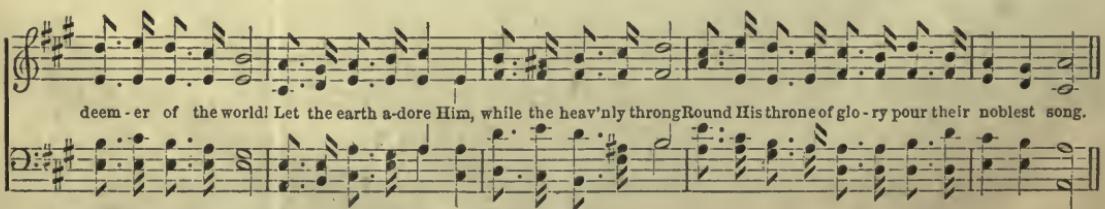
2 Dismiss us, O Lord, with Thy blessing, we pray ;
From thoughts that are sinful, oh keep us this day ;
Now cover us all with the shade of Thy wing,
While still in Thy presence this chorus we sing.

113. JESUS REIGNS.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.



CHORUS. *ff*



2 Bands of happy children
Came in after days,
Bearing palms of triumph,
Shouting Jesus' praise;
Still the same hosannas
Shall our lips employ,
As we wave our banners
With exultant joy.—*Chorus.*

3 When celestial glories
Burst upon our view,
Angel harps and voices
Will the theme renew,
While *ag-ain* the children,
Clad in robes of white,
Waving palms of vict'ry
In the song unite.—*Chorus.*

4 'Mid the joys eternal,
Saviour we would meet,
Drink from living fountains,
Walk the golden street;
Sing with countless numbers
In triumphant strain,
"Glory, power, and blessing
To the Lamb once slain!"—*Chorus.*

114. BEHOLD THE LAMB.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. See Him, from Jor-dan's bright wa - ters as - cend - ing, Lift - ing His meek eyes in
 prayer to the sky; Fa - ther and Spi - rit their wit - ness are blend - ing, Seal - ing the
 Lamb who for sin - ners must die, Seal - ing the Lamb who for sin - ners must die.

2 Wandering, homeless, and fed by the stranger,
 Weary at noon by Samaria's well;
 Nights full of weeping, and days full of danger,
 Who the report of His sorrows can tell?

3 Silently led as a lamb to the slaughter;
 Patient, as sheep to the shearers are dumb;
 Pouring His life out, in blood and in water,
 Numbered with sinners, and sealed in the tomb.

4 Glory! for death, with its pains, cannot hold Him,
 Jesus, the Lion, hath broken the toils;
 Lamb-like He died, but again we behold Him,
 Rising a Lion, dividing the spoils.

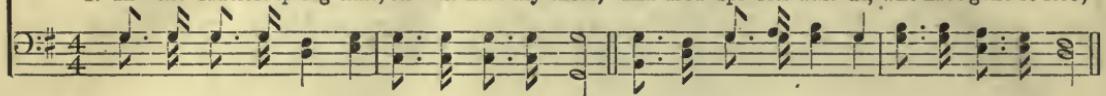
5 Now in the midst of the throne, interceding,
 Marked with the wounds of the cross, He appears;
 Slain as our Passover, risen and pleading,
 Offering His incense, perfuming our prayers.

115. BY THE GATE.

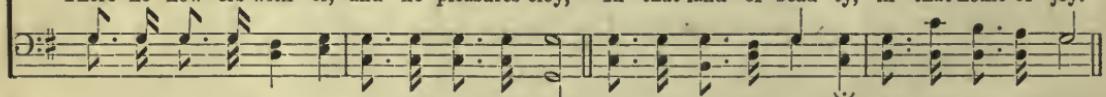
HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. In the fadeless spring-time, on the heav'ly shore, Kin-dred spi-rits wait us, who have gone be-fore;



There no flow-ers with-er, and no pleasures cloy, In that land of beau-ty, in that home of joy.



CHORUS.



By the gate they'll meet us, 'neath that gold-en sky, Meet us at the por-tal—meet us by - and-by.



2 In the misty gloaming, death awaits us all,
Silent is his coming, sure the Master's call.
And the angel footsteps light the upward way
Till the twilight merges into heavenly day.—*Chorus.*

3 Trusting in the Saviour, may we humbly wait,
Till the holy angels ope the pearly gate;
And the loving Father, from His gracious throne,
Smiling bids us welcome to our heavenly home.—*Chorus.*

116. ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

Mrs JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. See the earth from bond - age break - ing, Wears no more an i - cy chain; See the fields from
 sleep a - wak - ing, All the love - ly hues re - gain. Val - leys, hills, and moun - tains glow - ing.

In the sun - shine of God's love, Riv - ers to the o - cean flow - ing, Tell of One who rules a - bove.

2 Safely has the Father led us
 All along our pilgrim way;
 From His bounty kindly feed us
 With a loving hand each day.
 Songs of love and praise ascending
 From these grateful hearts of ours;
 Brighter hues to earth are lending
 Sweeter incense to the flowers.

3 Thou who bid'st the rill and river
 Sing their glad triumphant song,
 Come, and every soul deliver
 From the chains that bind so strong.
 Life with us is full of gladness,
 Faith and love illumine our days;
 Songs can have no touch of sadness
 When the heart is full of praise.

117. SONG OF SPRING.

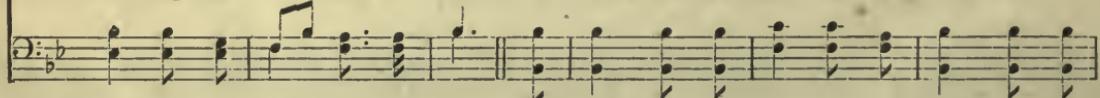
W. F. SHERWIN.

Not too slow.

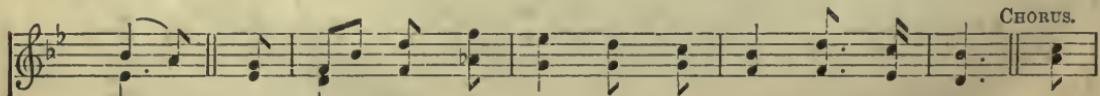
1. The sweet flow - ers bend - ing a - bove the green sod, Their fra - grace are



send - ing as in - cense to God; The birds too are soar - ing a - mid the sun's



CHORUS.



blaze, Their Ma - ker a - dor - ing in wild notes of praise. All



SONG OF SPRING—continued.

na - ture re - joi - ces in smiles and in song, With mil - lions of voi - ces His
D: b
praise to pro - long, With mil - lions of voi - ces His praise to pro - long.

D: b

1 The sweet flowers bending above the green sod,
Their fragrance are sending as incense to God ;
The birds too are soaring amid the sun's blaze,
Their Maker adoring in wild notes of praise.

Chorus—All nature rejoices in smiles and in song,
With millions of voices His praise to prolong.
With millions of voices His praise to prolong.

2 If “the grass of the field” and “the fowls of the air,”
Their glad off'rings yield for His Fatherly care,
Shall we who His kindness have shared thro' the year,
Distrust Him in blindness, or give way to fear?

Chorus—While nature rejoices in smiles and in song,
Let us join our voices His praise to prolong,
Our hearts and our voices His praise to prolong.

3 Each stream He sets free from its firm icy chains,
Goes dancing in glee, singing on through the plains ;
The trees whisper psalms to their Friend, who, unseen,
Has clothed their broad arms with bright mantles of green.

Chorus—All nature rejoices in smiles and in song,
With millions of voices His praise to prolong,
With millions of voices His praise to prolong.

4 To melt the cold heart and to free it from sin,
New life to impart, and new songs to begin,
He left His bright throne, and in robes pure and white,
Will welcome His own to the mansions of light.

Chorus—While heaven rejoices in anthems of song,
We'll join our glad voices His praise to prolong,
For ever in glory His praise to prolong.

118. GREAT REDEEMER.

With a firm, steady movement.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in G clef, common time, and the bottom staff is in F clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with various rests and dynamic markings. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in a two-line format.

1. Great Re-deem-er, Thou art wor-thy, Thou hast bought us by Thy blood; Out of ev-'ry tongue and
na-tion Thou wilt bring us home to God. Rich-es, hon-our, glo-ry, bless-ing, Myr-iad
ran-somed spi-rits sing, Wor-thy is the Lamb for ev-er, Mighty Sa-viour, glo-rious King.

2 Lo! the multitude in glory,
Waving palms, and robed in white,
Sounding forth the blessed story
To the Lamb in cloudless light.

They were once in tribulation,
Once the path of sorrow trod;
Now they praise the great salvation,
Saved through Jesus' precious blood.

119. THE PRAISE OF JESUS' NAME.

FANNY CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

CHORUS.

2. We blend our happy voices,
We lift our hearts above;
We thank our kind Protector
For all His tender love.
How bright the year departed
With blessings passed away;
Loud swell our choral numbers
On this glad, festive day.—*Chorus.*

3. Hosanna in the highest,
Our grateful songs shall be;
Hosanna in the highest,
Our Saviour God, to Thee:
And when, with all the ransomed,
Around Thy throne we meet,
We'll cast our crowns before Thee,
And worship at Thy feet.—*Chorus.*

Khur,

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